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Second Series





## NEW TESTAMENT PARABLES

FOR

## CHILDREN.

SECOND SERIES.

ILLUSTRATED BY

# PICTURES FROM THE MASTERS ORIGINAL STORIES.

By MRS. E. C. WILSON.

BOSTON:
UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.
1886.

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## PREFACE.

It is with much pleasure that the Author of these Parable Lessons sends forth this "Second Series." It is a pleasure fraught with gratitude to those whose kind appreciation of the first series has made this second one desirable.

The preface to the former series applies equally to these Lessons. Only one suggestion the Author would emphasize: encourage the children to talk about the picture with you and tell you the story of the Parable, before taking up the Lesson in the book. The Lesson in the book, indeed, is not intended as a lesson, but simply as suggestions for the help of the parent or teacher.

E. C. W.

Quincy, 1886.

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The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

Psalms xxiii, 1, 2.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

But he that is a hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

John x, 11.

SOME OTHER THINGS WHICH JESUS SAID OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

John x, 8.

"Heavenly shepherd, guide us, feed us, Through our pilgrimage below, And beside the waters lead us, Where thy flock rejoicing go."

## NEW-TESTAMENT PARABLES.

## CHAPTER I.

#### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

First of all, tell me everything you can think of about sheep and lambs. Are there many sheep near where you live? Are they cross and disagreeable, or are they gentle and lovable?

Every one knows what an amiable animal the sheep is. How often you hear people say "as gentle as a lamb." There is no animal that makes a more delightful pet. Lambs are very tender and delicate little creatures in their babyhood. Sometimes when a lamb's mother deserts it or dies, the little one is taken to the house and fed and cared for almost as carefully as we would care for a baby. Then all the family are sure to get very fond of it. It is frisky and playful like a kitten, but never scratches. It is affectionate and will follow like a dog, but never growls or bites. Yes, the lamb is one of the most loyable of all animals.

Would you not suppose that a shepherd, taking care all the time of such lovable animals, would get very fond of them?

Yes, indeed; shepherds do get to be very fond of their sheep. In the Holy Land, in Jesus' time, and long before Jesus' time, the wealth of people was very much in their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Instead of saying a man was worth so many dollars, people would say he had so many sheep and cattle. The flocks of sheep used to be taken away off to the grassy plains and hills to be watched and tended. All through the long day, and sometimes through the long night as well, the shepherd would have no other companions than his sheep and dogs. If he were a kind man, a "good shepherd," he grew very fond of them and they of him. The shepherds give names to their sheep, and if one of them is called he will frisk gleefully up to his shepherd to be petted.

Did you ever see a flock of sheep going from one place to another? Did the shepherd drive them, or lead them?

In our country the sheep are usually driven by the shepherd and his dogs. If one of the sheep strays off, the dog knows immediately that he must go and chase it back. In Eastern countries the shepherd leads his sheep. That is a much better way. If there is a feeble lamb the shepherd takes it in his arms and calls cheerfully to the sheep, often by their names. They "follow him gladly." They feel that he is their kind and only protector.

Who will look on the card and read the "other things" Jesus said of the good shepherd?

Do you believe it is really true that sheep will come at the voice of the shepherd but not at the voice of a stranger?

A little girl was in the habit of going twice every week to a distant pasture to give salt to her father's sheep and see that all was well with them. One day an aunt who was visiting them from the city went with her. She wanted to call them. She called them again and again, and by the names the little girl told her. The timid creatures lifted up their graceful heads and listened intently; she shook the box of salt to encourage them, but they all darted off as fast as they could go. Then the little girl lifted up her well-known voice. "Come, Fleece! come, Snow! come, Lightfoot!" It was a pretty sight to see them come racing and scampering and bleating and huddling around her. The city aunt was quite glad to get out of their way.

Are there large flocks of sheep now in the Eastern lands as there used to be?

Yes; the shepherds lead them from place to place, putting down their tents wherever they can find "green pastures" and fresh water. They stay in one place till the sheep have eaten all the grass, then move off to some other pasture. Away out in the "Great West" of our own land too, where people have not yet built cities or even cultivated farms, there are large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

Should you not think the shepherd's life would be a very lonely life?

It is a wide, free, out-of-door life, but it is always a lonely one. Oftentimes the shepherd sleeps on the ground all night, with no roof above him but the great blue starry sky. This kind of life made Eastern people great astrologers; astrologers are people who know about the stars and all the sky-world. For many hundreds of years people believed that fortunes could be told by the stars, and that by the stars they could tell great events that were going to

happen. Even in our day we hear people speak of being "born under a lucky star."

Do shepherds ever really need to "lay down their lives for the sheep"?

The life of a shepherd is often a quiet, peaceful one; but many times he has to be exposed to great dangers. Wild animals often attack the sheep. Wild animals are always hungry, and they know there is no better dinner than a fat sheep or tender lamb. In our own country the shepherds are sometimes in danger from Indians; for Indians still roam in the "Great West," and many of them hate the white man almost as much as they used to hate him two hundred years ago.

What does the shepherd have in his hand?

It is called the "shepherd's crook." The shepherd uses it to guide the sheep, and also to protect himself and the sheep.

The Jews liked to think they were God's chosen people, his entire and onlybeloved flock.

What did Jesus say in the last part of the parable to show that all God's children — himself and every other human being — were God's sheep, and that he wanted them all gathered into his fold?

Are all the people yet gathered into one fold? Do the people in all parts of the world yet believe in one kind Heavenly Father over all the earth, who loves and cares for his children?

No; there are still men and women who bow down and worship before idols of wood and stone. Before Jesus left the earth he sent out "into all the world" many good men, who loved and believed his teachings, to preach and to teach them to others. One of the last things John tells of Jesus is what he said to the earnest Peter. Three times Jesus asked Peter, "Lovest thou me?" and each time when Peter assured Jesus of his love, Jesus answered him, "Feed my sheep." (Read to the children, John xxi. 15, 16, and 17.) The Book of Acts, in the New Testament, tells us how some of these men whom Jesus sent out went to work to obey him. Most of the other books of the New Testament are letters which these good men wrote to the people they had taught about Jesus. For many hundreds of years many holy men gave their whole lives to carrying out Jesus' last wish, — to have all gathered into "one fold."

I shall tell you the story of one of these men; but there were many others. And now, nearly two thousand years after Jesus first sent out his disciples to preach and to teach, our own beloved land and very many other lands are

dotted all over with his churches. Their spires and steeples, ever pointing upward, are saying to us all the time, "Think always of your Heavenly Father, and of high and holy things." Good, loving people are still going out to preach and teach and work among these who do not yet know of the one Father, the one "Good Shepherd," and the "one fold;" and they will never stop going till Jesus' wish is fulfilled, and all shall know and love the Heavenly Father.

#### SAINT FRANCIS.

You have all heard of Italy, — beautiful, sunny Italy, that country which is shaped like a boot and pushes its foot way down into the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Italy is one of the most charming lands in all the earth, and its people are very fond and proud of their "Bella Italia," — that is, in their language, beautiful Italy.

Great Rome is there in Bella Italia, built on seven of Italy's fine hills; great Rome which once—in Jesus' time—was called the "Mistress of the World," because, with her mighty armies and vast riches, she governed nearly all the world around her and made them pay taxes to her.

There was here in Italy a small town named Assisi, built on one — not like great Rome on seven — of Italy's hills. It had a wall around it like the other towns of that time, and no doubt felt itself of some importance; yet I am quite sure that Assisi would never have been much heard of by the big world outside its walls, especially now, after six hundred years have passed away, had it not been for just one baby boy who was born there. The baby found his way into the rich home of the merchant Piétro Bernadone, when Piétro himself was ever so far away in France buying costly stuffs to bring home and sell to his townspeople, — the people of Assisi.

His mother, the Madonna Pica, was delighted to receive the baby, and gave him her very favorite of all names, Giovanni, and took loving care of him till his father should come home. When his father did come home he was delighted with his little son. He had been delighted, too, with the gay France he had been visiting, which, he said, was almost as beautiful as his own Italia; so he said, "We will not call the boy Giovanni; let us call him Francesco, in honor of bright, gay France." So it was under the name of Francesco, or Francis, as we would call it, that the little boy played and went to school and grew up with the other little boys of his age in Assisi. Pietro his father, who was already rich, was getting more and more money every day, and every

day getting prouder and fonder of his bright, handsome Checco. Checco, in Italy, is the short name for Francesco. Indeed, as little Checco grew, it was not only his parents who noticed how bright and beautiful, how graceful and how kind and sweet-tempered he was getting to be, but all Assisi noticed it too and loved the child.

When he was a young man and his going to school was over, his father took him with him to the market-place and taught him to buy and sell and become a merchant like himself. The young men of Assisi, after the work of the day was done, spent many of their evenings roaming about the streets singing and making merry together. In a fine mild climate like that of Italy it is certainly much pleasanter out under the big blue wonderful starlit sky than under a roof which hides it all. And well enough the youths of Assisi knew this as they went singing and jesting up and down the hilly streets of their little town. Of all the gay, light-hearted merrymakers, none were so gay and light-hearted as Piétro's handsome son Checco. His was the sweetest of the voices. His was the kindest heart; for Francesco it was who could never refuse a favor, or speak a cruel word, or hurt any one's feelings in any way. The beggars even, who swarmed the streets of Italy then as they do now, knew they would never ask in vain of this bright-faced leader of merriment. The young men wore a girdle around their waists, with a purse hanging from it at their side. No matter how freely Francesco took from his, his proud father and mother took care that it should never be empty. "He is not like our son, he is like the son of a prince," they said to each other with tears of happiness and pride in their eyes; and they were entirely content with the life their darling led. Francesco himself, however, was beginning to be not so content with his free, thoughtless life. His was a large, loving heart. When he saw himself and his rich companions living a life so easy and so happy, and then looked upon the swarms of poor and suffering men and women and children around him, he asked himself again and again, "Can it be that it is thus our Heavenly Father means it to be?" That was why he could never say "no" to the beggars. And when Francesco beheld the wonderful glory of the starry sky, and looked out over the hills and fields and waters so fair and beautiful, he said within himself, "No; our Heavenly Father would not have made the home of his children so lovely and so bright if he had meant them to live in misery and wretchedness." While his companions were thinking only of the merry-making, Francesco's big heart was full only of these sad things, and his thoughts were upon them all the time. One day he was selling merchandise as usual in the market-place, when a beggar asked help of him. Being busy, he let him go away unnoticed. When his customer was gone, and he thought what he had done, he was greatly grieved. "God forgive me," he said to himself; "I have let one of his children go from me unhelped. Perhaps he is suffering." He left his stall, ran through the crowd after the beggar, and gave him money. On his return he made a solemn promise to God that from that day he would never refuse help to any who asked it, for the love of God. You may be sure that after so solemn a promise as that his heart grew bigger and kinder still toward the poor; and there were very, very many poor in Italy. Indeed, most people were poor. Only a few were rich and comfortable like Piétro's family. Francesco kept thinking and wondering about it all the time, and trying to think if he ought to do or could do anything about it. One day he was taken quite ill of a fever. He was ill several days. Of course he had even more time than ever to think, while he was lying in bed, and he thought all the time of this one thing, until at last he was quite sure God was not pleased with this way of living without thinking of others. He felt that God had some great work he wanted him to do. Just at that time they were getting up a company of soldiers in Assisi. A great prince had lost his crown. This company was going off to join his army and help him get back his crown. That must be what God wanted of him, - to go and help the poor prince who was in trouble. His heart grew light again, and his mind was filled full of being a soldier. How bravely he would fight! What great things he would do! Perhaps he should come home a captain or even a general, and then how proud his father and mother would be. But Francesco's father and mother did not need to wait for that to be proud of Their hearts were full and overflowing when they saw him ride away on his handsome horse, the brightest and most noble-looking of all those bright and noble-looking young men. He seemed like a chief among them. The fathers and mothers of Assisi said among themselves: "Piétro's son will not be like the others. Some day Francesco will surely be a great man."

But Francesco was never to be a soldier. After two days he fell ill again of the same fever, and had to be left behind in a little inn. While he was tossing on his bed, thinking of his companions riding gallantly off to the war, he thought he heard a voice speaking to him. He was sure it was the voice of God speaking to him as it spoke to Samuel of old.

The voice seemed to say, "This is not the work I mean for you. Go back to your home and wait. It shall there be told you what you must do."



Go back! Go back to Assisi, to his home which he had left with so much brilliant pomp! Go back! How the people would wonder! How ashamed he would be! And wait! Perhaps you do not know it, but waiting is the very hardest of all things to do. Francesco did know it, but he never hesitated. The very next morning he mounted his horse and rode sadly home again. But he was not happy. He had no heart in his work. The brightness had all gone out of him as he went once more about selling goods in the market-place, waiting till it should be told him what to do.

There was an old church in Assisi whose walls were very much broken down. One day as Francis was praying in this church he heard again the same voice that had spoken to him before. It said, "Francis, do you not see that my church is in ruins? Go and restore it for me."

"With good will, Lord," answered Francis. He sprang from his knees, full of joy that he had at last found out what his Lord wanted of him. He hurried to the priest and gave him all the money in his purse. Then he did a very strange thing. He rushed home, got some of the richest cloths from his father's house and from the shops in the market-place, and with as many as his horse could carry, went off ten miles to a fair and sold them all, and his horse with them. He got a large sum of money. He carried it all to the priest and begged him to build up God's house with it, and to let him stay with him in future. "But," you say, "the goods were not Francesco's; he stole them." That is the strange part of it. But we are sure how Francis felt. He said to himself, "Everything is God's. Whatever he has need of is n't man's any more." But the good priest was wiser. He knew God did not wish Francesco to be dishonest even for him. He took Francis to his home and treated him very tenderly, but he told him gently that he could not use the money. You can imagine how disappointed poor Francesco was. He threw the purse on a rubbish heap and hid himself for a few days, the most wretched and unhappy young man in all Assisi. He knew his father would be angry. He knew the people whose goods he had taken would be angry too. And he was right; for when at last he came out from his hiding-place and went into the streets, people chased him and threw stones at him, shouting, mockingly, "Behold the young man who is better than the others! A thief who steals our goods!" Francesco's father heard the tumult and went He was the most furious of them all. He chased him home, beating him and calling him hard names all the way. He locked him into a dark room, bound him with chains, beating and abusing him all the time in great rage. Here he kept him several days. But one day, when Piétro was away, Francesco's mother, with great tears in her eyes, loosened her boy's chains and sent him forth into the world. Poor Francesco was very humble. He found the money and gave it to his father. But that did not at all soften his father's heart. He said angrily, "He shall never be my son any more." "No," replied Francis, sadly, and before all the people, "I will never again say, 'My father Piétro Bernadone;" I will say, 'My Father who art in heaven."

After that he lived with the priests. "My Father wants me to restore his church with my own hands," he said. So, barefoot and in the simple garment which the poorest priests wore, he went about the fields and streets picking up stones to mend the broken walls. People called him a madman, and tears came to their eyes as they remembered how once he went about those same streets admired and beloved by every one.

But when they saw that he was still the same kind, gentle Francesco, with the same sweet smile and courteous word for every one, they said, "No; he is not mad. He is God's child, now." And they began to help him a little in his work, and then to love him again, — this time with a sweeter, tenderer love.

He finished his church, and found another that needed repairing and repaired that. By this time the people had forgotten the gay young Checco, and only knew and loved the holy young priest Francesco.

There was one wealthy and learned man in Assisi who had been watching Francis all this time. He was sure he would give up this hard life and go back to his old, comfortable way of living. But when he saw that Francis was in earnest, and seemed to have even more joy and happiness in the new life than in the old one, he came to him and said, "I am ready to work with you. I will do whatever you command." Francesco replied, simply, "Let us pray to God and find out his will." They went up into the church and prayed. Then they opened the Bible, and the first passage their eyes lighted on was the one where Jesus said to the rich young man, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me." The rich man went promptly, sold all his goods, and he and Francis distributed the money among the poor people, especially the widows and orphans. This was but the beginning. Other men, touched by his love and his holiness began to gather around him and to look up to him as their teacher. Francis knew now that he had found out what his Lord wanted of him. He was to go out and teach and preach as Jesus had done. The command which Jesus gave to Peter,

"Feed my sheep," was given for him too. He would do what he could to "gather the sheep into one fold," and to make them know their shepherd. His life was a long one, but there is little more to tell. It was all spent in the same way,—going about preaching and teaching and helping the poor, and directing his disciples and encouraging them to do as he did. People's lives were sadder in those days than they are now. They did not have so many comforts nor so many cheering things to keep their hearts from getting heavy. So these tidings of a loving Heavenly Father and his watchful care over them, and a brighter, happier world waiting for them beyond, came to them with a great comfort. Hundreds, yes, even thousands of hearts were cheered by Francis' teaching, and brought to know the blessing and joy of Jesus' life and love, and thousands more were blest by the preaching of Francis' beloved and loving disciples, who carried on his work long after he was gone from among them.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE LOST SHEEP.

WE could hardly tell the story in words more plainly than the picture tells it. How tenderly the youthful shepherd carries on his shoulders the sheep that was lost! Look at the picture carefully. Who will tell the story of it?

Why did the sheep wander away?

Probably he did not notice he was getting away from the others, but the grass he was nibbling tasted so sweet that he kept wandering on and on, just as a little child who was not watched might wander off. When he found himself alone, away from his companions, he got frightened and could not find his way back.

Did you ever get lost?

It is a dreadful feeling to be lost. And then to get caught and be held in one spot and not able to get away from it!

How would it have been with the poor sheep if the shepherd had not come for him?

He might have bleated and struggled all day and perhaps all night, and got hungrier and hungrier, till he starved to death; or some wolf might have found him and eaten him. But his shepherd was a good shepherd, and came and found him; and now he need not even walk back, for he is tenderly carried.

Now see if you can tell what Jesus meant to teach us by this beautiful parable.

First, he wants to teach us what he taught us in the parable of the Good Shepherd,—that his large, loving heart will not be satisfied to have nearly all of us love him and "obey his voice," but that he wants every one of us to own him as the Good Shepherd and "follow him." Then, too, the story ought to make us feel that we can never be quite satisfied and content as long as there is any one who needs our love to win him back to happiness or



It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish. Matt. xviii, 14.

## THE LOST SHEEP.

What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

Luke xv, 4.

<sup>&</sup>quot;If there be some weaker one, Give me strength to help him on; If a blinder soul there be, Let me guide him nearer Thee."



goodness. This Shepherd went wandering over the hills to find just this one sheep when all the others were safe. Perhaps he was tired and wanted very much to give himself rest and comfort.

Would the shepherd have been happier, do you think, if he had said, "It is only *one* sheep; I will not trouble myself; I will take my ease and stay here and care for the ninety and nine which I have "?

Would he not have kept thinking of the poor little lamb falling over a precipice or being eaten by wolves?

Shall you be happier, if, when any one needs your help or your love to make him happy or good, you say to yourself, "Oh, I will not take any trouble; every one must look out for himself"?

No, indeed; always help people who are not happy. Helping people to be happy helps them to be good.

Who will repeat the stanza of poetry?

When this shepherd wanted to get back the sheep, did he drive him home with harsh words, and blame him for wandering off?

Or was his way of getting him home a gentle and loving one?

How does that teach us that we should treat people who have done wrong, even people whom we think are very bad?

It used to be thought, "If a child is naughty, punish him; if he is very naughty, punish him the more." Now we try kindness and love first, and "speaking gently." It was just the same with grown-up persons who had done wrong. "If they will be bad," people used to think, "they do not deserve to be loved and treated well." So those who were sent to prison were despised and harshly treated. Every one was kind and loving to the sick, and many were good to the poor, but it used to be thought we owed no love to the thief or the drunkard or to any wicked person. How could we love such an one? But we think differently now. We are beginning to feel more as the Good Shepherd felt. Do you remember this little verse of the poet? It has been in many of your reading-books, and you could n't have anything nicer to read over:—

"Speak gently to the erring,
Know they must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again."

Can you tell what "toiled in vain" means?

We are beginning to believe in these days that everybody likes to do right

and be good. You know how you yourself sometimes try and try and try again, and can't do what you want to do, and get discouraged, and then, perhaps because you are discouraged, get ill-tempered and do wrong things. It is the same with grown-up people. They often "toil and toil in vain." Then they become discouraged, and begin, little by little, to do wrong things.

Do you not need your mother's and father's love more when you feel ill-tempered or get into wrong ways? Believe me, little boys and girls, when you get started wrong it is almost always your mother's and father's love and help that get you back into right ways again and keep you from going on wrong. Never think harshly of those who have gone wrong, not even of those who have gone very wrong. Perhaps they "toiled and toiled in vain." Perhaps "unkindness made them so." Perhaps they are not, after all, half as bad as we think they are; and, indeed, they never are; you may be sure of that. So let us always think kindly of those we call bad, and let us never forget that loving and helping them is the only way to "win them back again."

We shall see, in the story, how Steven Temple found this out.

#### SAVED BY LOVE.

"Come, children, supper is all ready."

Donald looked up in surprise. "Why, mother," he said, "Steve has n't come."

"Steven won't be home to-night, Donnie."

Mrs. Temple tried to say it steadily, but her voice trembled in spite of her. She turned away her face too.

"Won't be home!" echoed Donnie. "Well, now, that's strange! Steve always is home to supper." Donnie went around to the other side of his mother just to look up in her face. He always liked to look right in your eyes when he talked with you. Perhaps that was the reason you could never "put him off" like some children. His mother hesitated a moment; then, glancing toward the younger children, she said gently:—

"I can't tell you about it just now, Donnie. Get Torry and Genie, and we

will have supper."

Donnie made as though he would speak again, but changed his mind; and going to Torry he pulled his sleeve and said: —

"Come, Torry; mother wants us to come to supper. See, Genie, supper is waiting."

The boy was very solemn about it all. He could see his mother had been crying. He knew it must be something very, very sad that should make his mother cry. She had n't cried before since father died. A dreadful thought came to him. Perhaps Stevie was dead. But Donald could n't think that. Steve was too strong and handsome and grand!

Supper was n't a bit like supper. How could it be without breezy Steve? Going to bed was n't a bit like going to bed either. It could n't be without big Steve to romp them into bed. Donnie waited. He thought his mother would tell him all about it when Torry and Genie were asleep. But she did n't; she only said:—

"No, darling, not to-night. I'm afraid something very sorrowful has happened to Stevie and to all of us, and that we must lose Stevie for a while. But, Donnie dear, I cannot tell you for a day or two; truly I cannot. Won't you try and wait and be patient?"

Mamma was looking straight into his eyes now. He looked straight into hers too, for a moment; then he said with a determined nod of his head:—

"No, mother, I don't want to wait. I can't wait. I ought not to wait. If anything has happened to Stevie, then I'm the biggest and you ought to tell me everything."

Mrs. Temple put her arms around the excited child, thinking he didn't look "biggest" at all. His little face was so tiny, — tinier than Torry's, though Torry was only seven and Donnie was ten. She held him very close to her as she said: —

"I am not quite sure about it all myself, Donnie — not yet. Truly, darling, you cannot know how hard it all is for me to bear, and when I tell you it will make it easier for me if you are patient and wait, I know you will be good; I know you will, Donnie."

Donnie looked again into his mother's eyes, and when he saw the tears welling up into them he said plaintively:—

"Yes, mamma, I will be good and wait, just because you want me to; but I think I ought to know."

The next day Donnie's mother told him he must stay from school in the afternoon with Genie, as she was obliged to go away. That was Thursday. Friday, all day, everybody tried to be happy, but it was a very long, weary day. Mother was very gentle and kind, but so quiet and lonely-looking. It

was lonely all day without Stevie. His good-by laugh in the morning used to last all day. Of course it was lonely without Stevie. Saturday morning mother kissed them all good-by and went away again, telling them to try and be happy, for she might not be home until night. It was supper-time when she did come, and then her eyes were all swollen with weeping, and she broke down utterly every time she tried to speak to them. She just sat down in the big rocking-chair and they all got into her lap somehow, and they cried all together. They knew it was about Stevie. Even little Genie felt that. They made believe eat some supper, then the children went to bed. Mother was brushing the tears away all the time. She could scarcely speak at all. She forgot entirely their Saturday-night bath. They forgot it too.

"It seems as zo somebody was dead," said Torry to Genie.

"I fink it's just like that funeral day after papa died," replied little Genie, disconsolately.

Donnie hugged his mother very close when she kissed him good-night. He asked her nothing about Stevie, and she told him nothing. She could n't, you see, for crying. It just breaks a mother's heart to have her children go wrong. Donnie was beginning to be sure now Stevie had gone wrong. Nothing else would hurt mother like this, — not sickness, — not even dying.

Donnie lay very quiet. He was waiting for Torry to go to sleep. When Torry did go to sleep, Donnie got up and looked softly into the sitting-room. Mother was sitting with her face buried in her arms on the table just like a child, — just as he had sat after father died. He laid his little arm caressingly over her neck and put his face beside hers, and again they cried a little together. After a while Mrs. Temple lifted her head and looked at Donnie there by her side in his little night-shirt.

"Oh, Donnie, darling!" she exclaimed, "you must go back to bed; you will get cold. Do go, Donnie; that is a good boy."

"No, mother," said Donnie, brushing away his tears and looking very decided, "I shall not go to bed unless you say I must go. I'm not such a little boy as you think I am. I know I'm cross and naughty sometimes and quarrel with Torry. I guess all boys quarrel sometimes, mother. But I won't any more; truly I won't, if you'll tell me all about Stevie. I know I shall never feel like a little boy again if I have to keep wondering about Stevie all the time. You must tell me."

Mrs. Temple stepped into Donnie's bedroom. She returned with a blanket, and wrapping it around him, she drew him into her lap just as

she used to do when he was five years old. She smoothed his hair a moment and said:—

- "I will tell you, Donnie. You must know sometime, and I will tell you now. Stevie has been doing something very wrong."
- "I knew that well enough, mother. What has he done? Has he killed anybody?"
- "No, no, Donnie; not so bad as that," replied Mrs. Temple quickly; and Donnie felt her shiver at the thought.
- "Well, did he steal something, or what?" asked Donnie, after a moment's silence. "Of course he did n't, though. Stevie would n't steal!"
- "That is what he did do, Donnie. He stole a large sum of money, a hundred dollars."

Donnie sat up very straight.

- "Why, mother!" he exclaimed. "What could Steve be thinking of, to steal? He must have been crazy!" He shook his head solemnly a moment, and then said very slowly, and as though he had fully made up his mind:—
- "Mother, if our Steve stole a hundred dollars, I'll forget all about him. I'll never have him for my brother again, nor love him any more; but I don't believe he did it. Where is he? In prison?"
- "Yes, Donald, he is in prison. It was his trial that I went to this morning; and now, while we are here talking, he is spending his first night in prison. Poor, poor Stevie!" and Mrs. Temple wept afresh.
  - "He did n't do it, mother. I know he never did it, and he must be got out."
- "Hush, Donnie, and listen to me. Stevie did do it. He says he did it. And, oh, Donnie, he is so unhappy! so sorry and unhappy!"
- "He ought to be unhappy," interrupted Donnie, savagely, "if he has gone and been a thief!"
- "Donald, you must not talk like that," said his mother, beseechingly. "Stevie is still our own dear Stevie, whatever he has done. If he is in trouble he needs us all the more. Will you let me tell you about it?"

Donnie remained silent, and his mother went on :-

"Of course, Stevie did very wrong, Donnie, but it was his love for us that made him do it. No, don't speak now; listen first. You know since father died last winter how poor we have been. We have not been able to do at all as we did before, nor have as nice things."

Donnie could not be quiet. He interrupted again.

"But we did n't mind, did we? It was not having father that we minded.

We have been happy, have n't we, — as happy as we could be without father?"

- "Yes, darling; but Stevie saw he was n't doing for us as father used to do, and —"
- "Of course not," interrupted Donnie again. "Stevie is only eighteen years old, and father was more than forty, was n't he? We did n't expect it! But we did n't care, did we?"
- "No; but Stevie cared. He looked at my thin shawl and your worn overcoat. And Torry and Genie had no new things this winter, you know. Then Christmas is coming, and he remembered the good times and the handsome presents we all had last year; and so when he saw the hundred dollars and he thought he could take it and nobody know Oh, Donnie, Donnie, my loving little Donnie, don't look so unforgiving; it was only of us he thought!"
- "Did he think we would care for things he stole the money for, mother?" asked Donnie, excitedly. "Steve is a thief, now, mother. I can't ever love a thief."
- "Can't love a thief, Donnie? Think a little, —just a little. Is that the way to make people happy and good, —love them when they do right and turn them away and not love them any more just when they need our love the most? Believe me, darling, loving Stevie more than we ever did before, even, is the only way to have him back with us, —good and noble and bright as he used to be. He is very sorry, very, very sorry, for what he has done."
- "I should think he would be sorry," said Donnie, harshly; "anybody ought to be sorry to be a thief."
- "Oh, Donnie, Donnie," exclaimed his mother, in great grief, "what can I say to you!"
- "Nothing, mother; it's no use; not anything at all. Steve's a thief. How long must he stay in prison?"
  - "Till the first of next May."
- "What! All winter! Our Steve in prison all winter? It'll kill him. Poor Stevie! How will he stand it?"

Donnie's mother felt very happy over this little bit of sympathy for "poor Stevie." When she tucked him in bed once more and kissed his little flushed face, she said tenderly:—

"When you think of our poor Stevie, Donnie, remember how many, many wrong things we all do, and how our Heavenly Father forgives us over and over again. If he should stop loving us when we do wrong and did n't let us

begin over again every time, I'm afraid we should all get to be very bad. When you are big, darling, if you are tempted to do wrong, and do it, never forget that mother is mother just the same. Nothing you could do would make me stop loving you or be unwilling to help you. Our Heavenly Father is like that. Let Stevie find us just the same now when he is suffering and needs our love."

Donnie could n't go to sleep at all. He tried and tried, but he could n't. After all, that was n't surprising. His conscience was just like a little guardian angel, he had always been so true to it. It had no idea of letting him sleep till he got himself loyal and loving again. Donnie was made of too good and gentle stuff not to be sure of coming out right in the end. It was only a matter of waiting, — not very long waiting, either. It had n't been half so long as it seemed to himself, when he got up and went softly into his mother's room. She was awake; to tell the truth, she was waiting for him. You see she had known this same Donnie all the ten years of his little life, and she knew in what good company he always was when he was alone. She was perfectly sure that good, sweet thoughts would come to him; and, more than that, she was equally sure he would bring them straight to his mother when they came. So she was n't a bit surprised when he stepped beside the bed and said in a quiet, business-like tone: —

- "Mother, we'll do it."
- "Do what?"
- "Love Stevie exactly the same; and we'll just wait for him till he comes home again."
- "Bless you, my little comfort," said his mother, drawing him close to her and kissing him fervently. "I knew you would help me."
- "But, mother," said the boy, not taking very much notice—"how shall we get things to eat and wear, without Stevie?"
- "I think I can earn quite a little sewing; and you know we had a very little saved towards trying to buy us a little cottage by and by. Stevie says we must use that. But we'll talk of that to-morrow; go to bed now and go to sleep, and don't worry at all. 'Love conquers all things.' You've heard that, have n't you?"
- "Yes, mother; and we'll prove it is true, won't we? I know lots of ways I can earn some money."
- So the family ship got sailing smoothly again, for Love was at the helm. People felt very sorry for Mrs. Temple, and she had all the sewing she could

do. At first Donnie didn't find it so easy as he thought, to earn "tots of money;" but at last business "picked up" for him. He made a contract with Mr. Gay, the market-man. Mr. Gay laughed at first at Donnie's proposal to work for him all the time out of school; but seeing how eager the little fellow was, and being a kind man, he told Donnie to come and try. The boy was so faithful and worked so hard and earnestly that Mr. Gay kept him busy nearly all the time. He got very tired, —more tired than he had known any one could ever be. But Mr. Gay paid him out of the store; and he paid him so generously, and found so many things to "throw in" besides, that Donnie never thought of his weariness, but only of his mother's pleasure at his "success in business."

Once every week they went, all of them, to see Stevie. At first he was sullen and silent and would hardly speak at all; he was so cast down and ashamed, you see. But when he saw how cheerful they all were, and how lovingly they were waiting for him to come home again, and how they all respected him and looked up to him as "big brother Steve" just the same as ever, he grew cheerful too, and began to respect himself again. Going to see Steve was the one big event that came to the family. As soon as one visit was over, they began to look forward to and talk of the next one.

Mr. Nelson, whose money it was that Steven took, came several times to see the family. He was a good man; he said to Mrs. Temple one day:—

"If love will save your boy, he will certainly be saved."

"Love has already saved him," replied Mrs. Temple, with tears in her eyes. "I believe my boy is stronger and better, yes, and braver, to-day, than he ever was before."

At last the great, long-waited-for day came. Stevie was free. For a day or two the joy of the Temple family knew no bounds. Stevie — dear, good, big brother Stevie — was at home again. A little quieter, Stevie was, than the old Stevie, but so tender and helpful and grand. Then came the question: "What was he to do? Would anybody ever hire a 'thief' to work for them?" Steven and his mother talked of it and thought of it long and earnestly. Steven had no heart to ask anybody to hire him. At length Steven took his resolve. He went to the factory to Mr. Nelson. But when he met his old employer he was silent; he could not speak his wish. But Mr. Nelson knew. He shook his head and said gravely:—

"I know what you are thinking, Steven. I am very, very sorry for you, but I cannot take you back."

Steven replied bitterly: --

"That is what I was wishing; but I ought to have known it could not be. And I cannot blame you. But I tell you this," and Steven's eye kindled and he lifted up his head with real self-respect,—"I tell you this, Mr. Nelson: I was a boy when I took that money; a weak and foolish one, too. I am a man now. There is no more danger of my repeating that sort of thing than of my cutting off my right hand. Still, I cannot blame you for not knowing it. It will take years, but I shall live it down. I shall go away; it will be much easier for me, but it will break mother's heart, and the children's, for me to go away again; for their sakes I would rather stay here, though I know that here I should be pointed at and scorned as a thief deserves to be. I shall be a jail-bird. Still, I would have stayed if you could have trusted me as they do. Mr. Nelson, I should be a brute if I could not make a man of myself with such a mother as mine. And Donald! Donald has been just like a man this winter!"

Mr. Nelson had been watching Steven's glowing face as he talked; he kept thinking of what Mrs. Temple had said, —"Love has saved him;" and then he could not help thinking, too, "It may be that my love and sympathy are just what are meant to be the means of keeping him saved." He started up and took the young man's hand.

"Steven," said he, cordially, "we will try it again; come back to me; come to-morrow morning; no, stay now. But," he added, "your old place is taken, and you will have to take a lower one. But you won't mind that; you will soon be out of it if you are going to be half the man you somehow make me believe you will be."

And Steven stayed. It was very hard at first. The poor boy found that the way of the transgressor is hard even after he has begun to do right again.

Yet Steven had much to cheer him. His own home was a little paradise to him, so full of love and perfect faith. Mr. Nelson trusted him fully, too.

I need not tell you that Steven Temple became a good and a successful man.

"It was their love that saved me." Over and over in his heart the words repeated themselves all his life; and it filled him with a love that was the help and saving of many others.

# CHAPTER III.

# THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

You could almost tell by the picture just how the two men feel, without the parable at all. How proud the Pharisee is of himself!

Which is more pleasing to us, pompousness and pride, or modesty and humility?

Which is more pleasing to our Heavenly Father?

All through the Bible, both in the Old Testament and the New, there are many verses about pride and humility. Listen to this one: "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off" (Ps. cxxxviii. 6). Here is another which puts it very plainly: "When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom" (Prov. xi. 2). One more; an encouraging one: "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up" (James iv. 10).

Who can tell what these verses mean, for I think they all mean about the same thing?

There is one very great reason why we should be humble. We ought always to be learning, — always, as long as we live. We must be humble in order to learn. Proud people cannot learn easily. They think they know already.

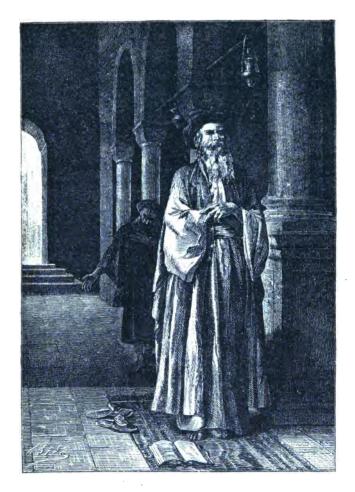
Were the Pharisees usually proud and the publicans humble?

Yes; the Pharisees were chiefly teachers of the people, and were regarded as the highest persons in the land, while the publicans were looked upon as the lowest. The Pharisees were thought to be very religious indeed and very holy. The people looked to them to be taught what God requires of his children.

What does our Scripture text tell us that God requires of his children?

Do you imagine that this Pharisee taught the people that what God loves is justice, and mercy, and "walking humbly"?

What did the Pharisees teach?



# THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

Luke xviii, 10.

"Humble must we be, If to heaven we go; High is the roof there, But the gate is low." The Pharisees taught that the most important thing for people to do in worshipping God was to be very exact and particular in all the forms of religion. They must go up into the temple at regular hours, morning, noon, and evening, to pray. If this were not possible, they might open the windows which looked toward Jerusalem, and face the holy city while they prayed. They must pray at getting up and at lying down, and before and after eating. There is a little stanza of poetry which says,

"I often say my prayers, But do I ever pray?"

Can you tell how we can say prayers without praying?

I am afraid that is what the Pharisees used to do. This one certainly looks as though he were saying his prayers without praying. The Pharisees liked to say their prayers aloud and in public places where they would be heard. They felt very proud of praying so much. As they walked along the streets they often drew their skirts around themselves and said to the humbler people, "I am more holy than thou." If their garments touched the garments of a sinner they believed they had caught his sinfulness, just as you might catch the measles. Then they had all their fasting and praying to do over again before they could be pleasing to God. For you see there was fasting to be observed as well as praying, and a great deal of it, too. There were very many smaller forms to be remembered, as well. They must never eat with sinners. They must never eat, not even one mouthful, without first washing their hands, nor eat with any one who had not washed his hands. They must not do any work, not even good work, on the Sabbath day, nor travel more than about a mile, which was called a Sabbath-day's journey.

Did Jesus teach that these were the things most pleasing to God?

No. Jesus went right among sinful people and ate with them and talked with them and tried to make them better. He taught them to do good on Sabbath days and on all days. He said to them, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Can you tell what he meant by that?

Who were the Publicans, that they should feel so humble?

The people of Jesus' country, and of nearly all countries at that time, were governed by the great far-off city of Rome, and had to pay taxes to her. Rome was called the "Mistress of the World." The people hated to pay taxes to Rome. The publicans were the men who collected these taxes, and no one

would be a publican, or tax-gatherer, but the lowest and poorest of the people. So they were despised by every one.

Who will repeat the stanza of poetry?

Who will tell what it means?

I am quite sure this Pharisee will have to get a little more humble before he will be able to get through the low gate into heaven. If ever you find yourself getting proud or boastful, don't forget that the gate to heaven is low. A good way not to be proud is to count up the things we do not know, instead of the things we do know. Or, if we imagine we are getting good, we can reckon up our faults. Take your own way; but, however you do it, keep yourself modest and humble. Don't be a bit of a Pharisee.

Now let us see how Thornie got humble.

#### RUSTIC AND DANDY.

THORNIE WALKER had no mother. I think, however, he had every other good thing this world can give a little boy. All his short life he had lived in his father's rich, luxurious home, cared for and waited upon by loving hands and hearts. The wonder was that he was not entirely spoiled. He had discovered that he was about the most important person in the house, and had got into a way of feeling very grand and pompous. For, you see, Master Thornie was the first thought of every one. Master Thornie must have everything he wanted and do everything he wanted to do, whether any one else was served or not. The servants all smiled fondly at his pompous, "ordering" ways, and said it was easy to see he was just meant for a gentleman. But Thornie's father, fond and indulgent as he was, was wiser. He knew his boy was being altogether too much waited upon, and that it was no mark of a gentleman to feel important. After thinking it all over, he made up his mind to send Thornie away to school. He did not see how he and Thornie could get on without each other; still he felt sure Thornie would learn at school many things he could never be taught at home.

Thornie had a cousin almost his own age whose mother had died some six months before. But Cousin Rob, I assure you, was quite a different boy from Thornie. His father was a farmer in a small town in New York. Rob was up early in the morning to feed the cows and horses and pigs and do a score of chores beside. Then he was off a mile and a half to school with the

other children, and home again at night to do all the chores. Nobody waited upon him. He waited upon himself and upon everybody else. If he needed to go anywhere, no coachman was at his orders with a pretty pony and ponycarriage. He started off merrily and whistled gayly as he "footed it." If it was too far, he took the bridle, went down to the pasture, caught old Gray, harnessed him into the carryall, and, with himself, the horse, and two or three younger children, baby and all, to take care of, always got safely home, and never felt himself of much importance either. Mr. Walker knew all about Rob, and he was wise enough to see what a capital companion such a spirited, manly little fellow would be for his Thornie. So he had arranged it all with Rob's father, and one bright September afternoon Thornie and his father were on their way to Boston, three miles distant, to meet Rob. It rather astonished and awed Thornie that Rob should be allowed to travel so far alone; yet, as he walked beside his father, his thoughts were like this:—

"Of course he'll be countrified; and of course he won't know as much as I do. But that is n't his fault. I shall help him, and perhaps he'll soon catch up. Father says he's smart. I shall take him right under my wing. He'll get on all right. I should n't like to have my father poor like his. It does n't give a fellow any kind of a chance."

The more Thornie thought about it the more puffed up and important he felt at the idea of having Rob under his protection.

Mr. Walker glanced down at his self-satisfied little son as he brushed a bit of dust from his handsome brown suit, and smiled to himself; and his thoughts were like this:—

"The pompous little bantam. Rob will make a man of him."

The long train rolled into the station at last. Thornie was on tiptoe. No little boy showed himself. Even Mr. Walker looked anxious. One of the very last to get out, however, was a little fellow with a large old-fashioned valise in his hand. Thornie took him all in at a glance, — a rough gray suit, not a bit elegant, big hat, clumsy boots; altogether an out-and-out country boy. Thornie's face fell.

"That can't be Rob!" he said to his father. Such an amount of meaning in the one word "that." It was more than disappointment; it was real contempt.

Mr. Walker had just time to say seriously and in a low tone to Thornie:

"Thornie, Rob is your cousin and our guest; remember that." Then he

sprang forward, took Rob's valise with one hand, shook Rob's hand with the other, and bent down and kissed Rob affectionately and cordially.

But Thornie! Thornie was perfectly dazed. Was that the boy that was going to school with him? What would the boys say? They'd know right off he was a country chap. And long trousers, too! Even in the country they ought to know better than that! Poor Thornie! he could n't help turning his eyes from Rob to himself and down upon his own elegant, stylish outfit, and thinking what a different kind of a boy Rob was from himself. Yet Thornie remembered what his father had said, and tried to be polite to Rob. He tried so very hard that once or twice he even forgot and said "yes, sir," to Rob.

Once at home it did n't matter so much, and Thornie could n't help confessing to himself that if Rob were "decently dressed," as he called it, and didn't talk so "countrified," he would be "quite a fellow." They were to have a tutor and study at home a few weeks, to get a good start, and if possible, a start together. The tutor, Mr. Johnson, was to come the very next day. Thornie told Rob in a grand way that he must n't mind if he was n't quite up to him, because of course he had always had a better chance, and so forth and so forth, till Rob felt himself quite humble and would not have been surprised to find Thornie reading Greek and Latin. When Mr. Johnson did come, he found Rob a long way in advance of Thornie in everything. Thornie had been taught. Rob had learned. Can you see the difference? There is a difference, and Thornie saw it plainly enough as Mr. Johnson went on asking questions. He kept getting redder and redder in the face, and was in great confusion and almost ready to cry with vexation and shame, big as he was, when Mr. Johnson told him not to be discouraged; that he would soon catch up with his cousin. But modest Rob made Thornie comfortable again immediately. He said quickly: —

"Catch up! Of course he'll catch up. He's always lived right here in the city and he'll know twice as much as I in everything but lessons. Lessons are nothing."

Thornie lifted up his head as high as ever. "That's so," he thought; "lessons are nothing. I'll soon show him that."

At dinner Mr. Walker told Thornie he might take Rob into Boston and "show him round." Thornie was not overpleased with the proposal. There was nothing else to be done, however, and early in the afternoon the two boys found themselves a part of the crowd that is always hurrying up and

down Washington Street. Thornie's ideas of his own importance got bigger and bigger as Rob stared at the shop-windows, at the crowded streets, and at the rush and hurry of everything. He answered Rob's few questions with the air of being his uncle instead of only his little cousin, and kept getting more and more surprised and self-satisfied at his own vast knowledge and Rob's ignorance. Indeed, he gave himself so many important airs, that even the amiable Rob felt uncomfortable, and kept wondering in his mind whether he was fit to go to school with Thornie, and had not, after all, better go back to his father's farm. For the first time he began to feel homesick. On their way home Thornie said:—

- "I suppose you 've never been in cities much."
- "No, not any," was the humble reply.

"Well, after all, there's nothing to be afraid of," replied Thornie, grandly. 
"There are a good many of us, and there's a good deal going on, but everybody knows his own business and there's no danger of accidents."

Just at that moment a lady beside them gave a loud scream. Of course every one stopped to see what was the matter. Thornie saw in an instant. A little child about three years old had fallen from his seat beside his father on an express-wagon. It was nearly six o'clock and the street was packed with the heavy wagons on their way home. It seemed that the child must be run over and killed. Hardly any one had seen him fall. Even his careless father had not missed him from his seat. Thornie was too dazed to speak. He stood still in horror. But where was Rob? Could that be Rob gliding before that big horse? Down he goes crawling between wheels as nimbly as a squirrel. Thornie held his breath. Oh that horrible great wheel! Would it go over him? He wrung his hands and groaned feebly:—

"Oh Rob! Rob! Don't get killed!"

Then he began to jump up and down: -

"He's got him! He's got him! Oh, Rob!"

But nobody was minding about Thornie. Everybody was staring. Those who knew what was going on were watching Rob with breathless interest. Sure enough, Rob had the baby safe under his arm and was creeping along under one of the heavy slow-going city drays, right between the wheels of it. Little by little the crowd began to understand. "Good!" "Bravo!" "Plucky!" were heard on all sides. The wagons were soon stopped, and Rob and the baby were rescued.

"Well, now, country, you are some!" exclaimed a little street urchin,

stuffing his hands in his pocket and staring at Rob. They all stared at Rob. For a moment Rob was a great hero, to his own confusion and Thornie's delight. The baby was returned to its dazed father with many sharp words for his carelessness. It took but a moment for the crowd to disperse. Then a gentleman stepped up to Rob and giving him his card said:—

"Take that, my little man. If ever you want a chance to rise in the world, come to me. I've been looking a long time for a boy of your stamp."

Thornie stepped up quite pompously.

"He's my cousin," said he; "he does n't need to go to work. We are n't poor. We are going away to school."

"Hi-cock-a-lo-rum!" said the gentleman. He looked Thornie over, laughed, gave a long whistle, and went on his way. Thornie felt the hot blood tingle in his cheeks as he looked angrily after him.

Thornie told the whole adventure to his father with the utmost delight.

Mr. Walker asked Rob for the gentleman's card. Rob gave it to him, and then said thoughtfully:—

- "Uncle Walker, do you think father would mind so very much if I went with the man instead of going to school? I should like it very much."
- "Why, Rob!" exclaimed Thornie. Then there was perfect silence for a moment. Thornie saw that tears were in Rob's eyes. Mr. Walker saw it also; but he hoped Thornie would find something to say; and so he did after a moment or two.
- "Why don't you want to go to school, Robbie?" he asked gently, very gently indeed.
- "Well, you see," was the answer, "I've spoiled these clothes; they are torn, and they are all axle-grease; and I don't think father ought to afford to get me any more. Besides—" Rob stopped.
  - "Besides what?" asked Thornie, looking very humble.
- "I don't blame you a bit," answered Rob, "but I know you can't want me to go. It can't be any fun to you to have a greenhorn like me following you around. I can't dress as you do, nor I can't behave as you do, nor—"

Thornie would hear no more. He put his hands excitedly over Rob's mouth.

"Oh, Rob, don't talk so, don't!" he choked out. "I do want you to go; I want you to go if you don't wear anything but rags; I did care at first; I was a big ninny, and I felt too big for anything. You must go. I won't go if you don't. But, father," he said, turning to his father and catching his hand eagerly, "must Rob wear those clothes?"

- "Are you perfectly sure you want him to go if he must wear them?" asked his father.
- "Yes, father, perfectly, perfectly sure; and he is ten times the fellow I am, if he does n't have on anything decent to wear. I've found that out. But, father, must he?"
- "Certainly not. If you go to school together, you will dress suitably, each the same as the other, and have each the same amount of pocket-money, and an equal chance every way. Rob's father and I have arranged all that. I should have attended to that yesterday; but when I found my boy was greeting his cousin's clothes instead of his cousin, I waited. I could n't believe you would n't be able to discover our manly little Rob without the aid of fine clothes for spectacles."
- "Well, I did discover him," said Thornie, delightedly; "and I discovered what a little stupid I am, too."

So it ended just as Thornie's wise father thought it would.

One day, after the boys had gone to school, Rob got a letter from home. One of the boys, making sport of Rob's way of talking, asked mockingly,—

"I say, Rustic, heow's yer pa?"

"Look here, now," spoke up Thornie, bristling with some of his old pompousness, "nobody's going to make fun of my Cousin Rob!"

A shout of laughter greeted this remark. One of the big boys patted Thornie's shoulder and said soothingly,—

"Now, Dandy, my boy, never fear for Rustic. Rustic will fight his own battles and yours too."

At the word Dandy the boys laughed again, and brushed their clothes daintily. One boy stooped down and with his handkerchief brushed every speck of dust off his boots. They were laughing at Thornie. Thornie's temper was up in a moment. He was going to say something foolish and angry, but thought better of it. He laughed, instead, with the rest, and said.—

"I guess he will fight his own battles. You ought to have seen him one day in Boston." And he amused the boys with a lively account of Rob's rescue of the baby.

But the names "Rustic" and "Dandy" clung to the boys all the time they were at school; though I am quite certain that it was only a very short time before a stranger could not have told which was Rustic and which was Dandy.

# CHAPTER IV.

#### THE HID TREASURE.

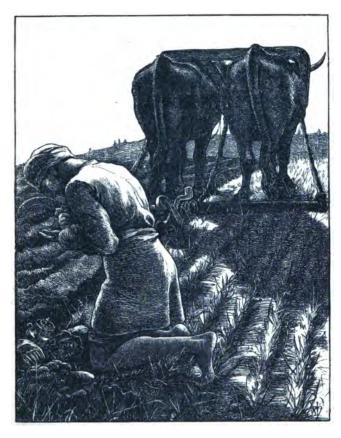
WHAT is this man doing?

Is the field his own field?

Would a man, ploughing a field in our country, be apt to find a treasure hidden in it?

Do you suppose it was an unusual thing in that country to find treasure hidden in a field?

No, it was not an unusual thing at all. You learned in the lesson of the Good Samaritan how travellers on the lonely roads were troubled by robbers. Pirates, too, were then, and for many years afterwards, sailing over the seas just for the purpose of getting rich by robbing honest vessels of their merchandise. How, then, were rich people to take care of their money? It was very much harder at that time to take care of money than it is now. Your father could carry a thousand dollars right in his pocket and not look a bit richer. It need be only just two small bits of paper, - two five-hundreddollar bills folded snugly away in his pocket-book. In those days there was no paper money, and the gold and silver and brass used for money were heavy. To carry as much as a thousand dollars, a man would need a cart. And then, too, in those days and in that country some sort of war was almost always going on. Rulers were changed very often, and were not often very good rulers either. A man could not feel very safe with his riches. A rich man usually divided his wealth into three parts. With one part he bought pearls and precious stones. These were, of course, as good as money, and were convenient to have on hand in case he should be obliged to flee suddenly from his enemies. A second part he used in his business to buy and sell with, to make more money. For the third part he found a good safe place and hid it, to keep it from his enemies and from thieves. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, he hid it to keep it from those to whom he owed money, and then tried to make them think he had no money to pay.



The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure. Deut. xxviii, 12.

# THE HID TREASURE.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. Matt. xiii, 44.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The prize is reached through baffles and delays,
And thou shalt find it after many days."

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Do you remember how, in the parable of the Unmerciful Servant, the poor man who could not pay his debts was going to be delivered to the tormentors?

These tormentors were men whose very business it was to compel men to confess where their money was hidden. They did this by hurting them and tormenting them until they could bear it no longer, not even for the love of their riches, and so would tell. I am glad all such dreadful ways are done away with now.

Now can you tell how the treasure happened to be hidden in the field?

Oftentimes a man would tell no one at all, not even his nearest relatives, where his treasure was hidden, and when he died it was never found. It is not a very uncommon thing to find, even in these days, treasure that was hidden hundreds of years ago. There is, no doubt, much buried treasure that will never be found by any one. There are persons in Eastern Countries who give up every other business and do nothing else but search for hidden treasures, in the hope of becoming suddenly rich.

Was it an honest thing for the man who was ploughing the field to do,—
to buy the field and say nothing of the treasure in it?

We should think it a very mean thing to do; but I believe this man's friends and acquaintances would have thought it was right enough. One of the things we have learned since then, and it is very much through the religion of Jesus that we have learned it, is, that it is not right, but is very mean, to get, in sly ways or by greater strength, what does not of right belong to us.

What did Jesus wish to make us feel by this parable?

Did the man want the treasure very much?

How much did he want it?

Did you ever want anything so very much that you felt willing to give up all you had and do everything you could in order to get it?

If you have felt so, then you know how eager and determined this man felt.

What is it Jesus wants us to be determined to get?

Read the parable, and you will see. Yes, it is the kingdom of heaven, that you learned so much about in the parable of the Pearl of Great Price.

Can any one remember what we learned in that lesson that the kingdom of heaven is?

Where did Jesus say it is?

Do you not think that when we feel as determined to have anything as this man felt, we shall be almost sure to find some way to get what we want?

Do you remember a proverb that says that same thing, —that if we want a thing very much we shall manage somehow to get it?

"Where there is a will there is a way." That is the proverb. It means where there is a very great will there is a way.

Who will repeat the stanza of poetry?

Now I shall tell you a story of a man who discovered that there was a treasure hidden from all men. And he set himself to find it; and the "prize was reached" through many "baffles" and sixteen long years of "delays." But he found it "after many days."

#### BERNARD PALISSY.

This man, whose story I shall tell you, was a naturalist. I wonder if you know what a naturalist is? I am quite certain you have all heard people speak of the Book of Nature. You certainly know what the Book of Nature is, - that great book which belongs to all of us, to rich and to poor alike. A grand thing it is for us, too, to have spread always wide open before us this great Book of Nature, with its beautiful pictures and stories. Does it surprise you that I say pictures and stories? Do you ever find, in any of your books, more beautiful pictures than the sailing clouds, the green fields and sunny hills, the flowers, the rivers, and the great ocean? And the snow, -- the great banks of feathery snow in winter! Truly our "great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world" is very full of pictures, if only we can stop from our work and play to gaze upon them. It is full of stories, too, for those who know how to read them. But Dame Nature herself is the only one who can teach us to read her stories, and she will only teach those who love her and her book. Some persons there are who do love these natural things, the rocks and earth, the sand and water, and the rest, and like to study and learn about them continually. A person who does this, and lets Dame Nature teach him all about natural things and how to read her stories, we call a naturalist. Bernard Palissy was a naturalist. His father was poor, and could not give him an education. So he said, "I will learn all I can from the kind teacher Nature. She wants no money for her teaching." He roamed over the hills and fields and studied Nature's book all the time. He was a very religious man, and all through his wanderings his heart was always full of love and

gratitude to the kind Heavenly Father who gives such a beautiful home for his children to live in.

Somehow he managed to learn to read. It doesn't need a teacher for learning to read if one only has the will for it. Bernard earned the little he needed for his food and clothing all this time by drawing pictures on glassware, and making plans for gardens and houses, and measuring land. He seemed to know how to do these things without any teaching. With his great love for enjoying beautiful things, God had given him a natural skill for doing beautiful things also. At last Bernard married and found himself and his wife a snug little home in a small town of his pretty, sunny France. Here he earned a living for his wife and the children that came to him, by the same skill in painting pictures on glass and making plans. One day he was at a rich man's house to get orders for some work the rich man wanted him to do. The gentleman showed him a beautiful earthenware cup. It was different from all earthenware Bernard had ever seen, because it had a fine enamel, a glossy, shiny, white polish all over it. You would think nothing of it. All our crockery has it now. No crockery had it then, and this cup was a very rare and costly one. The gentleman told him it had been made by the Moors, away in a far-off land, but that nobody in France knew how to make enamel like that. Bernard's eyes glistened. To do something no one in all France could do! Ah! how he would like that! To be sure, he knew nothing of pottery, that is, of making crockery-ware, but he knew a great deal about earth and sand, and he knew this enamel must be made of those. Then he thought of the beautiful mosses and ferns and flowers, the lobsters and crabs and turtles and serpents he drew on his dishes, and the garden scenes all finely colored, and his heart gave great thumps of joy as he thought how perfect they would be, and how they would astonish and delight all France if they could be glazed over with an enamel like that on the cup. He would find it out, he knew he would, - this secret which no one in all France knew; and he told his fond young wife how famous and rich it would make him if once he discovered this hidden treasure.

He built himself a work-shed and a furnace. Then he went to work. You may be sure it was with a will. Over and over again he mixed different kinds of sand and things he thought might melt with the sand, and tried to melt them in his furnace; and over and over again he took them out and saw with a heavy heart that his work was a failure. He tried it every possible way; for three long years he kept trying and trying, and never got one

tiny little sign of any glaze or enamel to cheer him on or give him one bit of hope. Poor Bernard! He looked around his now cheerless home; there was no food in the house and no money to buy any. His wife and children were clothed almost in rags. Oh, if only the mixtures would melt! How soon it would put food in their mouths and clothes on their backs and joy into all their hearts! But the stubborn mixtures would not melt! Bernard would not, - he could not give up. He had never learned to say "I can't," and he would not learn it now. "But I can wait," he said; and he kissed the tears away from the eyes of his suffering wife and set sturdily about earning some money. For a year or two he worked hard and got a nice little sum of money. This he put into his wife's hands and then went back to his furnace. In two years it was the same thing again, - no food, no money, and, what seemed even worse to Palissy, no sign of any enamel. he had another year at money-making, and then three more long years over his beloved but obstinate work. Eight years! Eight long, weary, weary years! Was it worth it? His wife said no. She was tired and worn, and had got into a way of fretting and blaming him. She said he had no right to love his pottery better than his wife and children; so his home was not pleasant as it used to be. He blamed only himself, and with a heavy sadness in his heart Bernard said to his wife, "Once more, just once more with my whole might and mind let me try, and then, if there is no success, I promise you I will give it up."

Soul and body worked, oh, so hard, this time. He felt that it was his last chance. Two or three hundred pieces of crockery he covered over with different mixtures and sent them to a glass factory where the furnaces were hotter than his. Pale, haggard, almost in a fever he is with excitement and anxiety. At last the pieces come home. With trembling hand he examines them. Lo! joy! joy! There is one, just one tiny piece covered over with the beautiful white enamel. His eight long weary years are nothing; it is found at last! The tired man jumps and capers like a boy. He rushes in to his wife holding high the bit of crockery, and shouting, "I have found it! I have found the hidden treasure!" Only think of it, dear children; it was only a bit of crockery-ware, just like the broken pieces of some bowl or pitcher which your mother would have thrown on the ashpile. But it made Palissy, and even the complaining wife, believe that now their fortune was made. Bernard would be rich and famous!

So the suffering wife suffered a little more patiently, and the hard-working

husband worked more hopefully. The poor man owed money to nearly all his friends, for he had been running into debt for the little food and clothing they had had the last year or two. These friends were getting impatient for their money. Now he told them to wait just a little; he was sure he would pay them all. He covered a number of vases and bowls and jars with the successful mixture, and put them into his own furnace, for now he must keep his work secret. He must not send to the glass factory any more. Then he built the hottest fire he could possibly make, and tended it day and night. The mixture would not melt. At last his fuel was gone. He tore down his fences. Then he tore up some of his floors. It must melt; the other melted; this was the same; it must melt. The neighbors gathered around his house and said among themselves, "He is gone mad. Poor Lisette and the children! He will tear down the house over their heads."

But not even the fences and floors which Palissy so madly threw into his furnace would melt the stubborn mixture. Poor, poor Bernard! He was forced to let the fire go out, and with it went all hope from his heart. Despair came in its place. His friends had come to see the wonderful discovery which was to give Bernard his fortune and pay them their money. They went away very angry, muttering something about "stupid obstinacy," "the law," and "magistrates."

Bernard flung himself down in utter misery. But Bernard Palissy was too much of a man to stay long in useless repining. Hear what he himself says of that sad time:—

"After a while, reflecting that if a man fall into a pit it is his duty to try to get out again, I, Palissy, being in like case, resolved to exert myself in making paintings, and in various ways taking pains to recover a little money."

Having made this wise resolve, he put his regrets behind him and set bravely to work. He was one day at the house of the lady whose husband had shown him the cup. She became greatly interested in him on account of his love of beauty and his great skill, and little by little she got him to tell her the whole story of his misfortunes and failures and poverty since he had seen the enchanted cup. She felt very sorry for him. "I think I can help you," said the kind lady. "A man who tries so patiently and so long over one thing surely ought not in the end to give it up."

And this was the end of Bernard's real suffering; it was the end of poverty in his home. Before this he had worked alone, unhelped, uncheered. Now

the kind Lady Anne was his friend, and she let all her rich friends know of the skilful artist she had found, and his delightful and wonderful drawings, and especially his taste in making fine gardens. He used to say, "I have found, in the world, no greater pleasure than to have a beautiful garden."

But Bernard had not forgotten the enamelled cup. The rich friends paid him such big prices for his work that he was able to pay all his debts and get much leisure for his favorite work. And did he at last succeed in getting the enamel just right? Yes, just exactly right; and much finer than that on the cup, too, for he made his enamels in all colors. But he was eight more years about it; happy years these were, though. And Bernard Palissy felt more than paid for his sixteen years of labor and patience. Everybody, all over France, talked now of "Palissy pottery." To have even one Palissy dish covered over with the rich Palissy designs and glazed with the famous new Palissy enamel, was a great thing. So Bernard Palissy was at last famous. One of his rich friends was a great duke. The great duke carried him off to Paris to the boy king and his queen-mother, who were great lovers of beautiful things. They were delighted with him, of course, and they gave him the entire charge of the grand gardens, and grottos, and summer-houses, and fountains which French kings were always certain to have. And here, honored and beloved, Palissy lived till he was an old man.

How I would like to stop the story of our famous Bernard right here; but I think it would be just a little dishonest. Sorrowful as it is, I must tell you how the good, pious old man died at last in prison.

Bernard Palissy lived in that long-ago time when people had not found out that every one must love and worship God in his own way.

All during Bernard's life, men and women, and even boys and girls, were being put in prison or put to death because they could not worship God the way the king commanded. Bernard was one of those who could not be a Roman Catholic, as the king said every one must be. He was too honest and true not to say so plainly; he would have been put in prison or to death long ago if it had not been that the king and the queen-mother needed him and had grown to love him. But at last even the king could not save him. The dukes and lords said to the king, "You commanded that every one who would not obey you should be forced to obey you. It is not just that this man should go free while all the others suffer." The king and his mother were not much loved by his nobles, or I think they would have left the poor old man to die in peace outside the prison walls. But to prison the king's

gentle, sweet-souled favorite was obliged to go. Then all his friends came and visited him, and begged and implored him to try for his sake and all their sakes to be a good Catholic.

At last the king himself came. He knelt down before the bent old man as he sat on the stone floor of his dungeon, and begged him, with tears in his eyes, to obey him.

"Much as I love you," said the king, "I can protect you no longer. My nobles will not be satisfied, and I am compelled to give you up."

"Compelled! compelled!" repeated Palissy; "that is not the language a king should use! You say you pity me; it is you who are to be pitied, not I; I know how to die, and cannot be compelled."

Was not that a brave, sweet reply? The king went sadly away. Bernard expected immediate death. But the king had managed to spare him that. Only a few months more in his dungeon, and the brave soul of the potter, Bernard Palissy, was free to roam where we feel sure there is needed no weary labor to enjoy beautiful things.

# CHAPTER V.

#### THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

A LITTLE boy named Harry once had given him by a kind uncle ten bright, new pennies. How new and shining they looked! How proud Harry was of them! But, alas for the carelessness of little people! Harry lost one of his bright, new pennies. And now let me tell you what he did about it. He counted his nine pieces over and over again to be sure that one was really gone; and every time he counted, his face got longer and more mournful, till at last he just sat down and cried, and all the family gathered around to mourn with him.

When this woman found one of her pieces of money was gone, how did *she* manage? Which was the better way, her way, or little Harry's way? Which way would be more apt to get back the money, crying about it, or "searching diligently for it"? Which is better, to call our friends together to mourn with us, or to rejoice with us?

When we can do so, be sure it is much better to give people pleasure than sadness. We may learn that lesson from this picture and little parable. And a charming lesson it is, too, — to try always to shed brightness about us instead of shadow.

There's another lesson we may learn. We must often meet with loss, and accident, and vexation. From this woman's way of going to work we can learn to look our troubles squarely in the face, and see what can be done about them, instead of sitting down and crying over them. No, indeed, don't whine over your troubles. Get into the way of seeing the best side of things; and get into the way, too, of keeping your trials and troubles out of sight, as you would naughty children. Put the best and brightest side of your life out for people to see.

Now another lesson. What a number of lessons from one little parable! Of course you all have n't ten pieces of silver like this woman, nor even ten new pennies like little Harry. But just as this woman's pieces of money



Keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Prov. vii, 1.

# LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.

Luke xv. 8.

Fill full thy heart with virtues; Love, helpfulness and truth. Then hold them fast, and let not one Get lost in thoughtless youth.

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were perhaps her whole fortune, and just as Harry's ten bright pennies seemed to him a fortune, so you have a fortune of which you can't afford to lose one bit.

Who will repeat the stanza of poetry?

Now who can tell what the fortune is?

Our Heavenly Father sends every little infant into the world with a fortune all its own, to help it in going through this world. That fortune is our character, — what we are. Ah, but you say a little infant has no character! No, the infant's character is n't all made. Our Heavenly Father does not give us our fortune all made. But let us see a little how it is. As baby grows, we see how the good God has made its young mind and heart able to grow to many strong and beautiful things. Let us think of ten things we must grow to be in order to have a strong, sweet character, — a heavenly fortune.

What is it that the stanza says we must fill our heart full of?

Yes, that is what I mean. Let us think of ten virtues that we must fill our heart and mind with, and hold fast to, and never lose. These we will call our ten pieces of silver. Almost the first thing baby learns is to love. Indeed, I think he loves almost from the beginning; so we will put love down as the very first of the ten virtues.

- 1. Love.
- 2. Truthfulness.

We cannot afford to be untruthful. A lie is a very mean thing.

3. Reverence.

We cannot be rightly obedient unless we are reverent. And we cannot learn unless we are obedient.

4. Justice.

Things will never go right if we can't see what others need and want as well as what we need and want.

5. Cheerfulness.

Everything goes wrong with an uncheerful, ill-tempered person.

6. Helpfulness.

We get selfish and disobliging if we do not help others.

7. Courage.

We cannot do hard things unless we are brave.

8. Industry.

You know well enough an idle person never gets anything done.



# 9. Promptness.

Nor does a person who is always behindhand accomplish anything.

10. Attentiveness.

Heedlessness and carelessness will undo all the good the other virtues can do. Now which of our ten pieces of silver can we afford to lose? Not one. And if we do lose one we had better set diligently to work to find it.

When you go home, ask your father and mother which kind of a fortune they would rather you would have if you could have only one, — a character-fortune, or a money-fortune.

I shall tell you the story of a little girl who lost one of her pieces of silver. I shall leave you to find out which one she lost. Because she lost that she almost lost another one, too. But she found her piece of silver again, and when she came to be a woman she had two fortunes, — a money-fortune and a character-fortune; but she always said her character-fortune was ever and ever so much better than the other. And she always thanked her father and mother more for not letting her lose that one, than she did for giving her the money one. I think she was right.

# THE SONG-BIRD OUT OF TUNE.

Rose Frost came rushing down to breakfast one morning in the greatest haste. Indeed, I'm not sure but that it was the first morning for a very long time in which she had been prompt at breakfast without being hurried and helped by some one.

"Papa! papa! Where are you? Where is papa?" she called in great

excitement. "Oh, here you are, you darling!"

Rose danced around her papa half a dozen times, and gave him a good morning kiss each time. Then she looked wistfully into his face, and said in a very coaxing tone:—

"Now, papa, you naughty, teasing papa, you know what I want. Please tell me. Did you decide? Am I going to have it? I can't wait a single minute to know."

Papa laughed, and stroked his daughter's head just a tiny moment, which was as long as she could possibly keep still, and then he said fondly:—

"Yes, darling, we've decided." He stopped, teasingly, and Rose just held

her breath till he added, "We've decided that our little song-bird shall have the so much needed new piano."

At that, of course, there was more ecstatic skipping and clapping of hands and hugs and kisses and thanks.

- "It is too good to be true. It can't be true," exclaimed the happy child. "I don't believe it is true that that stringy old thing will be put away and a nice new piano put in its place. What will the girls say? Will it come to-night?"
  - "No," said her father, laughing; "not till to-morrow night."
- "Well, that's kind of quick," was the gracious reply, "though I know I can't wait, but I suppose I shall have to."

Rose had not been in the school-yard ten minutes before "all the girls" knew she was going to have a new piano. And they made a heroine of her and were glad with her to her heart's content, for she was a favorite with them all. She was a favorite with everybody. A bright face and a merry heart like Rose's will always find a welcome, you may be sure. Besides, she was always ready to rejoice with any one who had a bit of good fortune, whether she had any part in it or not. Now that she had a nice thing happen to her, they all seemed as happy about it as she did herself. At home they called her song-bird; for her trilling laugh or song could always be heard about the house. Sometimes, when they wanted it quiet, they used to tell her they would have to throw a cloth over her head as they did over the cage which held Dick, the canary-bird, when they wanted him to be quiet.

Rose had taken singing and piano lessons one term, and had got on famously. Her teacher said she was full of music. He stopped a moment after he had said that, and added doubtfully that he did wish the piano was a little richer and fuller toned. The tone of it, he said, was getting thin.

"Well, why should n't its voice be thin?" asked Rose, smartly. "Don't all people's voices get squeaky when they get old? This piano is as much as twenty years old, is n't it, mamma?"

"It is quite old; that is true," said mamma, smiling. "I played on it several years before I ever knew your papa at all."

And you see how it all ended, — just the happy way that almost everything ended for this fortunate little girl, — and Rose was to have her new piano "to-morrow night." Now that piano was a great delight to Rose for many years, and on it she learned to be a skilful piano-player. But the very best

thing she learned from it was n't music at all. It was something very different indeed.

Alas! why must the sweetest roses have thorns? This beautiful Rose of ours had a thorn;—a very, very big one. And, oh dear! how continually it was pricking everybody, especially papa and mamma! Busy and bright and active as Rose was, I think she would never have been prompt at breakfast if mamma had not managed it. And I am almost certain she would have nearly always been late to school if mamma had n't kept hurrying her and telling her how late it was getting, and then, at the last moment, waited upon her herself and helped her off. Why, one day she went to do two little errands for her mother. Her mother told her that on her way back she might call and get some of those pretty animal crackers she and little Ernest were so fond of. Now—can you believe it?—that forgetful little girl came home contentedly munching the crackers and had forgotten both the errands!

"She does n't seem a bit attentive to what we tell her to do," said her father.

"No," said her mother; "if I ask her to do anything for me I must watch and see to it that she does it, and that is much more trouble than it would be to do it myself."

Of course the little girl's inattentiveness often made her disobedient, though Rose never felt the least bit disobedient. The day she was so happy about her new piano, her parents went to ride and took little Ernest with them. It was not convenient for Rose to go, and they were very much pleased to see how cheerfully she gave up the pleasure. Just as they were starting off, Ernest cried out:—

- "Oh, I must get Jack! Jack'll get all killed!"
- "Where is he?" asked mamma.
- "In my little cart," answered Ernest; "he must be taked care of."
- "I'll get your dolly, little brother," said Rose, kissing Ernest an affectionate good-by. "I'll get him and take care of him for you."
- "Do it right now, before you do anything else, won't you, Rosie, dear, else I'm afraid you'll forget it," said her mother.
- "Yes, mamma," said Rose, waving a good-by to them as they started off; and Rose did not think of Ernest's doll again till Ernest came home. Then they found that Rags, their mischievous dog, had shaken it into fifty or a hundred pieces. Ernest would not be comforted. Of course Rose felt sorry, but that did not give Ernest his doll. Rose's mother talked more seriously

about her fault than she ever had before. Tears were in her eyes as she said: "Rose, dear, truly you can't know how this one fault almost spoils the great comfort we might take in our little girl. Why, darling, it is almost the only fault you have that makes us anxious."

Rose looked thoughtful; then she said: --

"But, mamma, one fault can't spoil a little girl, can it? You never saw a perfect little girl who did n't have any fault, did you? If I have only one, is it so very bad? I could n't be perfect, could I?"

Mamma felt worse than ever at this. There didn't seem any way at all of getting it into Rose's happy little head that her fault was, after all, of so very much account.

The next day the new piano came. Rose played on it, danced around it, and smiled to herself in the "shine of it," and was never tired of admiring it. In the evening her music-teacher was coming to try it, and her Aunt Grace to sing a little with it. And they came. But now see how poor Rose was disappointed. The very first time the music-teacher ran his fingers over the keys one of the notes gave out a dismal twanging sound. Sometimes it seemed like a moan and sometimes like a snarl. And all the way through the piece, just as she thought it was gone, it wailed forth again worse than before. Poor Rose put her hands on her ears and looked in astonishment into the faces of the others. No one seemed to mind it. Even her teacher did n't seem to mind it, but kept right on playing as calmly as though nothing were the matter.

"It is a beautiful piano," said he, when he had finished. "It has a very sweet tone."

Then Aunt Grace sat down and played and sang one of those lovely songs Rose usually liked so much to hear. She never seemed the least troubled by the harsh, ugly, horrible twang that every now and then came snarling up into her own sweet voice.

Rose stared.

"What can it all mean?" she wondered to herself. "I believe they are all crazy! They don't seem to mind it a bit!"

At last Rose exclaimed, looking very much as though she would cry : -

- "But that note! That horrible note!"
- "That is disagreeable," said her aunt, with no particular concern, "but the rest of it is very sweet indeed."

Her aunt and teacher remained but a short time. After they were gone Rose sat down to play some of her own little exercises. But that miserable

note! It got itself into everything she played. She could n't hear the other notes at all. That one was just bound to make itself heard all the time.

Rose rushed into the next room to her mother, tears of real grief in her eyes.

"Why, mamma!" she exclaimed, "what can you all be thinking of? Can't that note be fixed? If it can't, I want my old piano back again. I'd a hundred times rather have it."

Her mother followed her to the parlor and ran her fingers over the keys.

- "The rest seem all right," she said quietly.
- "Yes, mamma, but that one! It makes the whole piano seem out of tune."
- "How many notes are there?" asked mamma.
- "Ever so many!"
- " How many?"
- Rose counted.
- "About ninety."
- "Ninety, and only one wrong!" said her mother. "Why, Rose, one note can't spoil a piano, can it?"

Rose looked up in her mother's face. Then she saw it all.

- "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried, "how could you do so? You did it on purpose! But, truly, mamma, my fault can't be so bad as that horrible note!"
- "Why, Rose," said her mother, earnestly, "your fault gets into everything you do, just as you say this note gets into everything you play. And now, think a minute, darling. If it is painful to you to have your piano out of tune, what is it for papa and me to have our dear, dear little song-bird out of tune?"

It took papa five minutes to get out the bit of paper that dear, naughty mamma had fixed to the piano, and then the whole instrument was rich-toned and sweet. I wish I could tell you that it took only five minutes to put the little song-bird in tune. Still, mamma and papa were satisfied to wait awhile. They saw that Rose herself now really believed that her fault must be cured, and they knew it would be. And it was n't so very long curing either; for when a real will to do right gets hold of us, it is n't long before the right begins to do itself naturally.



Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

John xv, 8.

# THE TRUE VINE.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

John xv, 1.

Lord, I am like to mistletoe, Which has no root and cannot grow Or prosper, but by that same tree It clings about: so I by Thee.

Herrick.

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# CHAPTER VI.

#### THE TRUE VINE.

WE cannot look too long or too carefully at this picture. It is one of the loveliest of the pictures of Jesus, and a lovely picture also of the vine, — the fruitful, graceful vine, to which Jesus likened himself.

How much Jesus loved to talk in parables! When he did not use a whole parable story, he had a beautiful parable way of talking, which made his teachings easy to understand. He liked to speak of himself in this parable way. You remember how he once called himself the "Good Shepherd," and us the beloved sheep and lambs of his flock. At another time he called himself the "Light of the world." Is not that a beautiful way to think of Jesus, — as the light by which we see to live good, sweet lives?

In this lesson, what does Jesus call himself?

What does he call our Heavenly Father?

What does he call us?

Truly, no parable could be prettier than this,—Jesus the vine, we the branches, and our Heavenly Father the husbandman. A vine is a very beautiful thing. But the vines of Jesus' land were more than beautiful. They were very large and strong, as well. Think of a bunch of grapes longer than your arm, and every grape as large as a big plum! One traveller tells us that in Persia, the country next to Palestine, he saw grapevines so large that it took two men to reach around the trunks of them. In Palestine the people think a great deal of their rich, beautiful grapevines. At one time the figure of a vine, sometimes with a bunch of grapes or a leaf, was stamped on their coins, as an emblem of the fruitfulness of their vine-clad land; just as on our silver dollars is stamped the figure of the bold, free eagle, as an emblem that our land is a "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Now, let us read the entire lesson.

Who will tell us what it all means?

Look a moment at the picture. There lies the knife with which the hus-

bandman has cut away the withered branches. They are of no more use. They will bear no more fruit. See the smoke of the fire which is burning them.

What kind of fruit do the branches of this vine bear?

What kind of fruit shall we bear, if we are branches of Jesus, the True Vine?

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. v. 22).

How can we be fruitful branches of the True Vine?

What does Jesus mean by abiding in him?

Saint Paul tells us the fruit of the Spirit is all these lovely things. Abiding in Jesus means having this spirit in our hearts. It is the spirit of Jesus, and to abide in him we must have his spirit. We must study his good and holy life, and try to make our life like it.

Who will repeat the Scripture text?

It was Jesus who said that. I think you will understand, now, what kind of fruit he means.

Who will repeat the stanza of poetry?

Who can tell anything about mistletoe?

The mistletoe is a plant which grows in the branches of trees. It clings closely to the branches, and gets its life and strength, and grows, by sucking the juices from the tree. Is not this stanza a lovely way of saying that we must get our life and strength by clinging to God, our Heavenly Father? Jesus himself was like the mistletoe. He clung always to his Heavenly Father, and prayed to him always for strength and comfort. So one of his disciples has told us to "pray without ceasing."

Ah, yes, children, we need God all the time. We need his strength and help and guiding. We need to "pray without ceasing." If we do pray without ceasing, I am quite sure we shall get to be fruitful branches of the True

Vine, and so live good, helpful, sweet lives.

I shall tell you the story of Ojella, a little girl whose people knew nothing of Jesus. You all know how, four hundred years ago, Christopher Columbus came across the great Atlantic and found our wide, noble land. You know, too, that when he found it, the Indians were roaming over it, wild and free and happy in their grand "hunting-grounds." But perhaps you do not know how the white men drove these poor red men farther and farther west, because they wanted their land, cheating them, killing them, doing anything to get rid

of them. They never seemed to think that these red men were our brothers, children of our own Heavenly Father. So they have never been trying to find out how they could help them, but only how they could keep them out of their way. But in these days, thoughtful and good people are beginning to be ashamed of the way these simple-hearted, trusting Indians have been treated, and are trying to bring it about that they shall be taught of our Heavenly Father, and of Jesus, and so become branches of the True Vine. Also, that they shall be taught how to do, and how to live as we do, and how to take care of themselves, and be wise and happy like their white brothers.

Now, let us see what rich fruit Ojella bore after she became a branch of the True Vine.

### OJELLA.

Poor Ojella! Poor little sorry, unhappy Ojella! Dusky little Indian girl was Ojella; but Indian hearts love and hate, are sorry and glad, just like the hearts of the whitest white people. Ojella's sorry little Indian heart is hating now. It can love. It does love, too. It loves Big Bear-skin, and Prairie Flower, and five-year-old Eagle Feather, and Joss, the fat, lazy, dark-skinned, round-eyed baby. Big Bear-skin and Prairie Flower are Ojella's father and mother. But little Ojella has forgotten her love for them all just now. and sorrow are filling her poor heart almost to bursting. One great, deep, passionate love Ojella has, - love for her home. You would not think her home worthy of much love. A dirty little log cabin with just one room in it. It didn't seem dirty to Big Bear-skin and Prairie Flower and the children. To Ojella, clean or dirty, it was "home, sweet, sweet home." Was n't she born here, and hadn't she always lived here, and hadn't the Great Father at Washington sent them a sacred promise by his pale-faced children that they always should live here? else why should Big Bear-skin take the trouble to make the house, and everything so nice? And now the Great Father sends them word, "You must go away, far off into another land, and make a new home. My white-faced children want your land." More and more Ojella's dark face glowers as she sits in the doorway digging her bare toes into the loose earth at her feet; and more and more, anger and wrath and hate grow in her little bosom and gleam in her black, bead-shaped eyes.

"I can't love a new home! I shall hate it!" wailed the poor heart; "and I

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hate the Great Father and his pale-faced children, and I hate everybody. They tell lies. Oh, if I were a big brave, I would kill them, — kill them all!"

Just at this moment a scraggy, ugly-looking pony came from behind the house and put his nose down to Ojella with an affectionate whinny. It was Ojella's own pony. She was on his back in an instant. No stepping-block, no stirrup, no saddle, did this little Indian girl have, or have need of. Before you would have had your riding-skirt prettily arranged, ready for a start, Ojella and her pony were only a tiny speck on the top of the hill half a mile away. Here Ojella stopped, and gazed with a full heart upon the wide, grand world spread out like a beautiful picture before her. It was her world. The grand mountains, the shadowy valleys, and the great river over there were hers, — her very own to look upon; all her little life had she known them.

She flung her arms around her pony's shaggy neck, moaning and moaning.

"Oh, Ponca, my Ponca! we won't go, will we, away off to the strange Dakota land? We hate the Dakota land, don't we? We'll go away somewhere and hide together and die, won't we Ponca,—you and I?"

Off they flew again, up the hills and down into the valleys, and on and on, Ojella's straight, stiff, black hair streaming behind her in the wind. At last they turned off from the road, right into the deep, pathless wood. Ponca's scraggy mane got scraggier and more tangled, but he never minded; he tramped bravely on; he knew where to stop,—right here beside this bubbling, sparkling, dancing little stream of water under the great archway of gigantic trees. Ponca had been to this spot many times with his little mistress in the green, beautiful summer-time. But now it was cold and drear and dismal. It was getting dark, too. When poor Ojella, shivering with cold, threw herself down on the cold bank of the cold, cold stream, her resolution to stay there and die was almost instantly gone. She was so very hungry, too. She wondered if Ponca were hungry. And then she was afraid; not much; only a very little; but she felt degraded and ashamed, nevertheless. Ojella, Big Bear-skin's bold, proud daughter afraid! Great, choking sobs shook the little frame as it curled itself, in the utmost misery, at the trunk of a great tree.

"It's because I'm a little squaw instead of a little brave," she moaned bitterly. "Oh, if I were a little brave, when I got big then I would fight those bad pale-faces all the time, and I'd kill them; and I'd die killing them."

But Ojella was not a brave. She was only a squaw, and a very little one at that; almost a pappoose. The great sobs would have vent whether the

proud heart would permit or no, and poor Ojella found herself shedding a perfect torrent of stormy tears. Oh, how hard she cried! She was glad no one was there to see her: no one but Ponca, and Ponca would never tell. Crying did Ojella good. She did not cry very long, but somehow it made the great sobs stop trying to break her heart. Patting and caressing her pony in an absent way, she got once more upon his back and started for the road. did not turn toward home, but cantered slowly in the other direction. Ojella had thought of a very big bold plan indeed, and she was turning it over and over in her mind. Once, a long time ago, a beautiful white-faced lady had visited her tribe and had taken much notice of Ojella. She gave her a whitefaced doll, some beads, and some gay bits of bright-colored flannel. Then she had made Ojella understand through Big Bear-skin, who could speak and understand English a little, that away off in the white man's land they had a beautiful home for little Indian girls and boys, where they might learn to read the white man's books, and to write letters, and live and do and dress like the white-faced people. But she would not leave her home and her people; she could not give up her mountains, and the river with the beavers, and Ponca, and the wild breezy rides over hill and valley and plain. But now she would They had taken all these from her, and she would go. She would have Eagle Feather go too. They need not think she had forgiven them a bit: that her heart was soft like the heart of a pappoose. She would try so hard to get wise and to know everything, and to get the white-faced man's money and guns. And all the time she was learning, she would be hating the white-faces, and teaching little Eagle Feather to hate them. She would come back by and by, when she got big and wise, to Big Bear-skin and her people. Big Bear-skin should leave off wearing a blanket, and wear clothes like the whitefaced man, and with the guns and the money she would get him he should teach his people how to "pay back" the Great Father at Washington and his white-faced children for driving them from their homes. Oh, they were dark, revengeful thoughts, - these thoughts in the breast of the unhappy little Indian girl.

Ojella urged her pony on and on, faster and faster, for she had far to go. She knew where the white-faced lady lived. She had been to town once, and passed the house, and the lady had smiled, and beckoned to her to come in; but she would not, for she did not know their language. Now she would go; somehow she would make the pale-faced lady know what she wanted.

Ojella was not afraid any more. All around her were mountains, - grand,

magnificent mountains. The great round moon was throwing a soft bright beauty over them as they stretched away and away, some of their lofty peaks lost in the fleecy clouds that were sailing in the cold, steel-blue sky. Ojella loved this mountain world. Her wild, untamed Indian heart loved the bianess of it and the vast freedom of it. She felt no loneliness, only a great awe in the presence of the magnificent beauty around her. Little by little, as she galloped through it all, the fierceness and revenge died out of her child heart. By the time the long, cold ride was ended, Ojella had but one wish, - to be warm, and have something to eat. It was very quiet in the little village when Oiella and Ponca came into it. They trotted directly into Mrs. Frost's dooryard, and Ojella slipped to the ground and walked up to the door. But how to get in? She wished the pale-faced lady would n't keep her door shut. Her people did n't keep their doors shut; half of them did n't have any doors at all. She didn't know anything about our unsocial ways of knocking or ringing a bell, and she did not like to try to open the door. She stood there quite close against the door, wondering if the white-faced lady were in there, and how she should get in. The pale-faced lady was in there, and she was wondering who was outside, for she heard Ponca stepping and pawing on the gravel-walk. But she was timid. She had always been timid since she lived in this home so near the Indians. So she went and called her husband from She stood by with a lamp. She gave upstairs to come and open the door. a little scream and started back when the light fell on Ojella's dark and silent form.

"Why, husband," she exclaimed, "it's an Indian child. Perhaps there are a hundred more of them hidden out there, and they've come to — nobody knows what."

"Why, Grace," said Mr. Frost, peering at the child, "it's only your little Indian girl you took such a fancy to. See, you are frightening her." He pulled the child in and closed the door. Ojella cast her eye around the room, then rested it on the bright open fire, and walked over to it with great composure. They watched her in silence. In a moment she pointed into the fire, and looked up into their faces with a smile which was fuller than any words could have been of pleasure and satisfaction. It melted both their hearts. Mr. Frost lifted her into the big easy-chair and pushed it near the fire. He and his wife smiled as they looked at the brown, dirty little pair of feet and legs.

"I'll get her something to eat, and see if she is hungry," said Mrs. Frost. Hungry! The eager child scorned knife and spoon. With the help only of

her dirty brown fists she made way with every bit of the bread and meat and cake and baked apples as quickly as a pig would have done it, and very much in the same manner. She washed her fingers somewhat in the way a cat cleans her paws, — wiped them on her scanty skirt, and finished them off on her bare knees. She gazed drowsily at the fire again for a moment or two, then dropped her head against the back of the chair and was sound asleep. Mr. and Mrs. Frost looked into each other's faces in dismay. Evidently their brown little guest meant to remain all night; or, rather, overcome by the heat from the glowing fire after her long, cold ride, she was remaining without any meaning about it.

"Put her on the bed in the little back room," said Mrs. Frost, with tears of real pity in her eyes.

Ojella woke when they attempted to carry her, and followed Mr. and Mrs. Frost dreamily upstairs. She shook her head when she understood they wanted her to lie on the bed, and, gathering into her small arms a large gray blanket that lay folded on the foot of it, she started downstairs again. They followed with the utmost curiosity. But Ojella never hesitated. In front of the fire she shook out the blanket, smiled contentedly up into their astonished eyes, and, wrapping herself in the blanket, lay comfortably down on the carpet near the hearth, and in three minutes was once again sound asleep.

Mrs. Frost threw herself into a chair and drew a long breath.

- "Well!" said she.
- "Well, what?" asked her husband, laughing.
- "Let her have her way, the dusky little elf," replied Mrs. Frost, with a long sigh. "She looks too comfortable to be disturbed."

Mrs. Frost slipped a pillow under the little head and threw another blanket over her little guest before she went to bed. Went to bed! yes, but not to sleep — not one wink of sleep did she get through all the long night. Over and over again she wondered what had brought the forlorn little creature to her home, and what the child wanted of her. Surely a dozen times she went in, lamp in hand, and gazed upon the face of the sleeping Indian girl; but it told her nothing.

Early in the morning Mrs. Frost went quietly in and started a bright fire. She could not bear to have the little stranger waken and find no fire. "She liked it so much," she thought. Ojella slept on till nine o'clock. When Mrs. Frost peeped in, the girl was sitting up on the floor, gazing into the fire. She was thinking of her errand, and trying to recall what had happened the night

before. She ran to the window in some alarm, and kept saying, "Ponca, Ponca."

"It's her horse," said Mr, Frost, delighted that he had guessed her meaning. He took her to the stable and showed her Ponca quietly munching hay. He had coaxed him into the stable before he went to bed. She patted and caressed him affectionately, and returned to the house. Then she began trying to make them know her errand. She made great sweeping motions with her arms, to signify that she wanted to go way off, and kept saying:—

"Go, go, way, way, wa-a-y." These were all the English words she could remember. She pointed to Mrs. Frost's slippers and stockings and to her own bare copper-colored legs, uttering the same words and making the same sweeping gestures. They watched her with the most intense eagerness to find out her wishes. At last when she snatched two or three books from the table and hugging them tightly pointed to herself and then to the books, and then exclaimed again, "Go, way, w-a-a-y," Mrs. Frost jumped up in the greatest excitement.

"Why, Frank, I know what she wants; of course I know. Don't you remember I spoke to her about going East to learn and she would n't go; and now she wants to go."

The child was in a perfect transport of triumph and delight when she found she was understood. She waved her arms and pointed and made gestures and twisted her eyes and nose and mouth to make further explanation; but all they could gather was that she would go away and then come back to the pretty fire. After doing hearty justice to a breakfast of oatmeal and beefsteak, with a good hot cup of coffee, Ojella mounted her pony, beamed upon her hostess a smile of the utmost contentment, and galloped away over the hills.

All day long the "pale-faced" lady watched the top of the first small hill over which Ojella and her pony had disappeared. All day, as she busied herself about her work, she thought of her wild little guest and wondered if she would return. She remembered that Ojella's tribe was to be removed from their reservation to a new one, and she wondered anxiously if they were having trouble with the Indians about going. She thought from Ojella's manner that that was not probable. Besides, she had been told they were going peaceably and willingly. And why should n't they go peaceably? They had been made to believe they were going to a paradise where everything would be done for them and they would not have to work. Night came, and no little Indian girl. But the first daylight of the next morning saw the far-off look come again into

the pale-faced lady's eyes. It was not until the middle of the forenoon that there appeared, first a small cloud of dust, then two riders, a small one and a large one, cantering down the hill. Mrs. Frost ran for her husband. He was at home, for she had been "nervous," and insisted upon his staying. But there was nothing to fear. It was only Ojella and Big Bear-skin with Eagle Feather before him on his pony's back. Then began the explanations: Ojella's determination to go "way, way off to learn white man's knowligs," and how Eagle Feather must go too. Was Eagle Feather willing? Yes, he only wanted a "big move," he "no care which, so he go with Ojella." Twenty times he asked, "Be good my cheelren?" and twenty times he was assured that Mr. and Mrs. Frost would be their father and mother. He said, "Eendian love he cheelren like pale-face;" and then he kept saying it again and again, with a mournful shake of the head at thought of parting with his "cheelren."

But it was all settled at last; and this is how it happened that Ojella was spared the pain of seeing her home broken up and of going to a new one which she "could not love."

And were Ojella and Eagle Feather happy in their new home? Yes, very happy indeed. Their funny letters to their pale-faced father and mother and their messages to Big Bear-skin and Prairie Flower showed that plainly enough. The first letter Ojella ever wrote to Mrs. Frost had this in it; indeed it was about the entire letter:—

"We glad come. Me think you good. Thank."

And did Ojella hate the Great Father and his children and teach Eagle Feather to hate them? And did she return to her people and show them how to "pay back"? Now, my dear children, that is just the part of it all that she never once thought of again. She was much too busy learning about all the wonderful things about her, and making Eagle Feather "be good and do as he was told." Besides, they learned in their new home some things about the Great Spirit which they had never known before. They learned that he is the same Great Spirit that the white-faced man worships, and that, red or white, we are all brothers and sisters,—all one big family. So their hearts got too full of wisdom and love to think of killing or "paying back." But Ojella and Eagle Feather did go back among their people, and taught them very many beautiful things. They taught them—try if you cannot imagine some of the things they taught them.

# CHAPTER VII.

# THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

LET us be glad that this sad story is not a true one, but only a parable to teach us something.

Can you tell what it is that this parable teaches us?

Who will repeat the Scripture text?

Did these husbandmen "abound with blessings"?

Why did they not "abound with blessings"?

What are the blessings with which they would have abounded if they had been faithful?

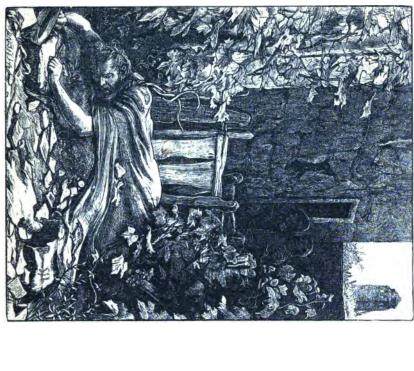
They would have had the joy and contentment of living all the summer in the cool, luxurious vineyard; then, when the harvest came, they would have had the merry-making and delight of the grape-gathering time, and they would have had their share of the harvest; or perhaps the householder would have paid them money, instead, for their care of his vineyard. But, better than all that, they would have had the very great blessing of a satisfied conscience, and they would have gone out into the world among their fellow-men, honest, upright, and trusted. But these men were not faithful. They wanted what did not belong to them; and you see what came of it.

This parable is a very sorrowful one. And since it is so very sad, we will not talk much about it, only we will try to get very firmly into our minds the lesson it teaches; and believe me, children, unfaithfulness and wickedness always bring evil upon us. It may not always seem so, but it always is so. It is only the faithful, true ones that are happy; that "abound with blessings."

But now let us speak a little of these vineyards of Palestine.

Were vineyards common in Jesus' land?

You will know they were very common when you remember how plentiful and how rich the grapevine grows there. All over the sides of Palestine's green hills were planted these vineyards. With their walls around them to keep out wild animals, and with their tall watch-towers, they made the hills



# THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country:

And when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it.

And the husbandmen took his servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another.

Again, he sent other servants more than the first: and they did unto them likewise.

But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, They will reverence my son.

But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his

And they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him.

When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen?

They say unto him, He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his

render him the fruits in their seasons.

Matt. xxi, 88

vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall

"Art thou faithful? Wake and watch;
Love, with all thy heart, Christ's ways;
Seek not transient ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise."

look very picturesque indeed. Besides, every one of them spoke of comfort and delight, for these vineyards were very beautiful places; and many more than the owners had the enjoyment of them too. They were open to any one to pass through, and he might eat all the fruit he liked, but he must not carry any away. It is, then, you see, no wonder at all that the Jews regarded these vineyards with great fondness. With them to "sit under one's own vine and fig-tree" meant great prosperity and happiness in one's home. They say figtree as well as vine, because the fig-tree is about the only other thing that is ever allowed to grow in these vineyards. Around and over these fig-trees the green, rich vines twine themselves, stretching from tree to tree, making cool, shady arbors. Truly it is a pretty way of picturing prosperity and home happiness, — "sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree."

What becomes of all the grapes which grow in the vineyards?

Ah! the vintage! The vintage, the grape-gathering season, is a most glad and festive time. The villages are all deserted. Every one hies away to the the merry-making in the vineyards. All the juicy fruit must be gathered and be "trodden" in the wine-press. Yes, the grapes were really trodden upon, to get the juice from them. Most of the wine-presses were hewn out of solid rock,—two vats, one above the other, with a hole drilled from the upper to the under one. The grapes were put into the upper vat, and men got into it and trod upon the grapes, laughing and shouting to encourage one another. And all the while the juice was running from the upper vat into the lower and was carried away in vessels. Of course the naked feet and legs and the clothing of the treaders were dyed purple with the juice. What a simple, strange way of making wine! There were other ways, but the Jews thought no other method made wine of quite so nice a flavor.

Now, I think you can imagine what a charming "inheritance" a vineyard is; and so you can understand why these wicked husbandmen wanted to "seize upon" the one they had charge of. And now, boys and girls, you cannot too much keep out of your hearts, while you are young, every thought of having more than you ought to have or of doing more than you ought to do. Keep exactly faithful to the right, always, in big things and in small things, else you will lose ever so many blessings and never be free-hearted and happy. Truly, I know there is no danger that you will be wicked like these husbandmen. But if you are unfaithful from any cause, you will lose the blessing all the same. So be trusty. Be trusty always. Don't let any wrong-doing or even carelessness keep you from being faithful. Now hear Roger's story,

and see how he lost a good home and ever so many comforts by just one unfaithful act.

### ROGER'S STORY.

WE burned the house down, - we children. Don't think we are bad children because I tell you that; for indeed we are not bad at all; at least, Theo is n't, and Aleck and Addie are not; and, although I'm not the one to say it, I don't think I am. I don't mean to be. But it was a terrible time when we burned the house down. Addie was nearly burned to death, and every one of us took cold. Theodora was very sick from it; we feared she would die. I know I should never, never have been happy again if she had died, for it was my fault, our burning up our pretty home. I am the oldest of us all. Aleck and Addie were too small for anybody to think of blaming, and Theo always trusts me. She almost always gives up to me in matters of deciding right and wrong. That is partly because I am a boy, I think, but more, perhaps, because I'm two years older than she. Our nearest neighbors are a quarter of a mile away, and we children play mostly by ourselves. We had got into a way - or, rather, as I know I ought to say, I had got into a way, for they all followed me - of always intending to be faithful and trusty to what we were told, but getting up some sort of excuse for somehow doing what we wished, after all. Mother felt badly about it, and often spoke quite seriously of it to us, especially to me; but I don't think I heeded much what she said.

It happened one day that we children were obliged to stay all the afternoon alone, and until ten o'clock in the evening; so you see we were to get our own supper, and put ourselves to bed. I've forgotten how it happened. It never happened before, and mother is so frightened now, I think it will never happen again. She could hardly bear to leave us then. She kept getting excuses for not starting, and two or three times she said:—

"I can't leave the little things alone so long, father. You go without me."
But we all made such big promises of how good we would be, that she felt
a little easier about us, and father said in an encouraging way:—

"Nonsense, Florence. Roger here is almost thirteen. We can trust our boy; of course we can, and all our children."

Father said it in a way as though he were very sure of us, and a little proud on account of it. It makes my cheeks burn with shame, even now, to think how we disappointed him. Father didn't know our ways as mother did, not

having so much the care of us, else perhaps he would have felt just as she did.

They gave us ever and ever so many directions about what to do and what not to do, and we made so many promises! But the very most particular direction and promise of all was not to build any fire; not the least bit; not even to light so much as a match. It was October, but mother said if we went to bed early, we would get on all right. And we all promised. Little Aleck put up his chin, and with his finger made a cross under it on his neck, and said, quite gravely:—

"Criss, cross, black and blue, Strike us dead if ever we do."

Then he added: -

"There, we shan't dare's to, now. Harry Lake says we'll be struck dead if we don't keep our promise after we've done that."

Aleck has never done that since. He says it is n't a true sign at all, for we are all just as 'live as we used to be. Was n't that a babyish notion? But Aleck is babyish. He was only five then.

We had a famous time for about two hours, and everything went on gayly enough. Then it began to get a little lonely without mother to run to. To make time pass more pleasantly, we ate up the tarts and Washington pie mother had left for our supper. Then we wished we had n't, for we would only have plain bread and butter and milk for tea. We got quite out of temper trying to decide whose fault it was. While we were trying to think who it was that proposed it in the first place, Dr. Farrel drove up to the door as he was going by, and said that Aunt Merissa had asked him to tell mother that she was coming to tea. She would be there in about an hour, and was going to stay all night.

Aunt Merissa is n't our aunt; she 's father's, and she is very old. Mother is always particular to have something good for her when she comes.

"She likes tea more than anything else, and toast, and I know I could make them," said Theo, pursing out her lips a little crossly, on account of not being allowed to have the fire to do it with.

We argued in quite a lively way for a while as to what we ought to do,—whether we ought to get Aunt Merissa her tea, or whether we ought to mind mother; and we chattered about it till our heads got quite confused.

Then I stopped arguing and thought a minute. At the end of my thinking I made a little sort of a speech. I said:—

"Of course we ought to mind mother; but mother didn't know of Aunt Merissa's coming. If she had, she would probably have said differently. So now I think we ought to consider. Let's all give our opinion."

"We have considered, haven't we?" said Addie, simply; "and I don't

believe mother would like us to do what she told us not to."

It makes me feel ashamed every time I think of it, that little seven-yearold Addie was the only one who spoke up for doing right. But every minute I was getting more and more to want that fire, and I said quite sharply:—

- "Now, Addie, you are next to the smallest here, and you don't need to be the very first to speak. I'm the oldest, and I think Aunt Merissa ought to have some tea; don't you, Theo? Mother is always so fussy for her to have tea the minute she gets here."
  - "I know I could make it," said Theo, falteringly.
- "Of course you could," I said grandly; "and I know I've got sense enough to build a fire and not let any harm come of it. Pity if I'm not big enough for that!"

So it was decided; though I am quite sure that every single one of us, even to little Aleck, knew it was wrong. But we wanted to build the fire so much, you see, that we didn't mind the ought.

So we built a fire, and we built a good deal bigger one than we meant to. I was putting the shavings and kindlings into the stove. I did n't notice what the others were doing, till Theo said in a frightened way:—

"Roger, I don't think Aleck ought to do that."

Aleck is always up to something. He had some shavings fastened to the end of a stick and had lighted them, and was waving them around for a torch. Addie reached and wanted him to give it to her, and before I had time to get it away from them a big spark fell on Addie's apron, and it blazed up in a minute. I don't know how I ever happened to think of it, but I snatched my coat from a chair where it was lying, and wrapped it tightly round Addie, and the blaze went out in a minute, scarcely burning Addie a bit. Father says it saved her life. But he says I could n't have done it if her dress had been cotton, like her apron, instead of woollen, as it was.

But while we were so frightened and busy with Addie, we didn't notice that Aleck had thrown his torch toward the stove, and that it had landed in the basket of shavings. Oh, dear me! It is just frightful to remember how that blaze streamed up.

"Run to the well, quick! all of you," I shouted, "and bring lots of water."

I pitched my coat into the basket to smother the flame. But the blaze was too big; the woollen stuff frizzled and curled, and I remember just the smell of it as it burned. I never smell anything woolly burning now without thinking of it and feeling scared.

Of course the water did n't come in time, and was only a little bit when it did come. We had nothing to do but get out of the house as fast as we could, and see it burn down before our very eyes. Two men came along, but it was too late to do anything. Then a few more people who happened to be passing, and the Perrys, our nearest neighbors, saw the light, and ran over, and there was quite a crowd there in time to see the last of it and the ruins, but not in time to help. A few pieces of furniture were standing around in the road, and I had father's box of important papers under my arm, and we were all sobbing dreadfully, with the whole crowd trying to comfort us, when Aunt Merissa came up.

The Perrys took Aunt Merissa and us children home with them. We children could n't in any way be comforted. You can't know at all how frightful it was unless you've had your home burned up right before your very eyes, with your father and mother away, and you the ones that did it.

We all cried ourselves to sleep. Even I did, though I never supposed I should go to sleep. Mrs. Perry rocked Aleck in her arms till he sobbed himself to sleep, and then she laid him down, and did the same to Addie. She coaxed poor Theo to lie on the lounge, and in a few minutes she had sobbed herself to sleep like the little ones. I threw myself on the carpet beside the lounge with my head on my arm, to wait for father and mother, and I never knew anything more till morning; and then a pillow was under my head, and Theo and I were both covered with warm blankets.

It did n't seem quite so horrible the next morning. Father and mother were there, and instead of blaming us, as we expected, they kept wanting to hug and kiss us. And they did n't seem a bit heart-broken, either. I think I never saw them seem so happy and glad. I did n't understand very well at first, but you see it was because we were all safe. It just opened my eyes to how much they love us.

A new house was started right off, and just as soon as we possibly could we went into it. Then father talked very seriously to us. We were not rich, and we knew it, and we understood father perfectly well when he told us that for a long while we must do without everything that was n't ever so necessary. We did n't make any Christmas at all, and we got along with the least possible

clothes that we could in any way make do, and Pride had to take care of herself. It's been a whole year now, and it's only just beginning to seem a little bit as it used to. We think we had to pay a big price for just one unfaithfulness, and we often say so to one another. But we know we deserve it, and that it can't be helped, and so of course we don't complain.

Aleck says he is glad we ate the tarts and Washington pie, for they would have all been burned if we had n't; and he boasts that he is quite sure he remembers he was the one that proposed it.

Aleck can't seem to look at anything seriously. He keeps asking, "What makes folks sometimes say our house burned up, and sometimes say it burned down?"



I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John. viii, 12. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him. Rev. iii, 20

# THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

John i, 4.

The people that sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.

Matt. iv, 16.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and gorify your Father which is in heaven.

Matt. v, 16.

"God make my life a little light

Within this world to glow;

A little flame that burneth
bright

Wherever I may go."

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# CHAPTER VIII.

# THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DID you ever try to find something or do something in a dark room? It is very difficult, is n't it? But strike a light. Now we do it easily and naturally, almost without thinking.

Who will repeat the texts under the picture?

Can you tell the meaning of them?

Jesus is knocking always to come into our heart and fill it with light, —the light of love and kindness. Then we shall do the true, right thing easily, naturally, almost without thinking. As in the room, we cannot get on if our hearts are filled with darkness; but let in the light of love, and all is easy. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all" (1 John, i. 5). That is why "God is love."

Who will repeat the text in the lesson which begins "The people which sat in darkness"?

What was the light which the people saw?

"The life was the light of men,"—Jesus' life, Jesus' loving life, spent all for others; his teaching, too, which made them look upon death as only a going into another world to the "many mansions" our Heavenly Father has waiting for us. This life and these teachings have been a "great light" to people for nearly nineteen hundred years.

Did the people "sit in darkness" before Jesus came?

Jesus' people, the Jews, had a great many laws and commandments. They had books with many pages telling what they might and might not do. In the Old Testament History of the Jews the story is told how Moses went up into the Mountain to receive the law direct from God, who not only gave it to him by word of mouth, but also wrote ten commandments with his own finger upon tablets of stone.

Who can repeat these ten commandments? (Ex. xx., also Deut. v.)

See how little they have of kindliness or love in them. They are ten things which we shall not do — not anything of what we shall do or be.

Did Jesus teach these old Jewish laws and commandments?

These ten commandments the Jews knew by heart, but Jesus added another. He said, "A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another" (John xiii. 34). And again he said, "Ye have heard that it has been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." (Matt. v. 43. Read to the end of the chapter with the children.) believed it perfectly right to love their own people and hate and curse their enemies. Indeed, they believed God himself loved only themselves and hated and cursed their enemies. Yes, I think the people were in much darkness before Jesus came. And we can easily believe that Jesus' life and law - a life of love and a law of love - must have been a very "great light" to them. Even quite bad people will love those who love them, and do good to those who do good to them. That is pleasant and easy. But it is only those whose hearts are full of light that love and do good always - to those who love them and to those who hate them.

Who will repeat the last passage of Scripture?

Who will repeat the stanza of poetry?

There it is, the whole lesson of it. Jesus was the "Light of the World." Be like Jesus; "let your light shine." God make your life a little light!

Can you remember any time when the weather was dull and cloudy and perhaps even rainy for several days? How dreary it was! How you longed for the sunlight; and how cheering it was when it came! Just like that is a sunshiny, sweet-tempered, helpful person who comes among us. Such a one sheds joy and gladness all about him. Such a one "lets his light shine." He is a "little light, wherever he may go."

Do you know, if your father and mother were to examine a house to see if they would buy or hire it to live in, one of the first things they would ask would be, "Are the rooms sunny?" A bright, sunshiny house, with bright, sunshiny people in it, — that is what makes "home, sweet home." God has flooded our beautiful world with the light of a glorious sun. With this light without and the light of love within we may live a joyous, helpful life. Hear how Leonora found this out.

## LEONORA'S PRAYER.

FIFTEEN years old! It seems too old for one to be pouting, does n't it? Leonora was fifteen years old, yet she was very cross indeed, and was pouting as a child three years old ought to be ashamed to be seen doing. She had a letter in her hand; and it was the contents of this letter which had set her pouting. Bessie Walker, her most intimate friend, was with her. She put her arms around Leonora's neck and kissed her as school-girls do.

"I would n't care a bit if I were you, Nonie dear," she said; "I'm not going to care, and don't you."

"It's a great shame!" said Nonie. "I invited you to spend that week with me, and now to tell you you can't go! Such a thing would never happen if my mother were living. Oh, my mother was lovely!" Then Nonie put her handkerchief to her eyes and fell a-crying; but she stopped in a moment and continued, "I don't see how my father could ever do such a thing! and I away from home a whole year, too."

Thoughts of her mother set Nonie crying in good earnest, and Bessie comforted her the best she could, telling her over and over again that she did n't mind, and not to feel badly on her account.

Leonora's mother had been dead a year. I am sorry to confess the truth about it, but after her mother died they sent her away to school; they said it would be easier for the housekeeper to get along with the other children if she were away. Her father said perhaps it would take some of the little girl out of her and make her more of a woman. Way down in the best part of her heart Leonora felt ashamed of having her father say that of her, — for Leonora was fourteen years old! But I think she could n't have been quite enough ashamed, for she had spent a very gay, thoughtless year at school; she seemed just as much a little girl as ever, and not a bit more of a woman. She was going home now to stay one week with her father and the children; then she and Mamie, her thirteen-year-old sister, were going to spend the summer vacation with their aunt at the seashore. Nonie thought it was going to be "perfectly charming," and never once thought how lonely and "left out" father and the younger children would be.

It was very doleful, — the good-by the next morning. Leonora made her friend tell her twenty times that she was n't "offended." One of the teachers went with her to the train to see her safely started. She was to ride

most of the way alone. Her father was to meet her where she changed cars, and go with her the rest of the way home. She had plenty of time to think over her wrongs. By the time she met her father she had really made herself believe she was a very miserable little orphan girl; and I am sorry to say she did not greet her father quite so lovingly as so thoughtful and kind a father likes to have his children greet him. He seemed to notice it, too, but he treated her very cordially and tenderly. As soon as they were comfortably settled he told her how very sorry he was not to allow her to invite her friend to visit her. He reminded her very gently indeed that a housekeeper was not just like a mother. And then he said very affectionately:—

"And, Leonora dear, I felt that I wanted you all to myself just this one little week."

Leonora ought to have felt pleased. But the selfishness in her heart did not let her see either her father's great love or his great sorrowfulness, or how weary and careworn he looked. So she made no reply, but in a moment began asking ever so many questions about the children and what had been going on while she had been away. After they had been at home a few minutes, her father said in the same affectionate way:—

"I'm very sorry, Nonie, that I can't be with you this first evening, but I am obliged to be away all the evening on business I cannot neglect. But the children will be delighted to have you with them again, and I shall be with you all day to-morrow."

Leonora pouted just the very least bit. She said to herself that it did seem that papa might spend this very first evening with her. However, the children chattered so fast and the supper-bell rang so soon that she hadn't much time to think about it. At the very first sound of the supper-bell, the boys, Nelson, Harold, and even four-year-old Natie, rushed to the table. The first things that caught their eye were some little jelly-cakes made in honor of Leonora's coming home. The boys made a scramble, and the plate was emptied in an instant. Even Mamie scrambled for a share, and said laughingly to Nonie:—

"You have to do it or go without the dainties."

Leonora looked on in horror. It did not seem at all like her home teatable; so cheerful and so orderly as it used to be with mother at the head! Could it be that one year had done all this evil work?

"Is it always like this?" she asked of Mamie.

"Unless father is here," answered Mamie, trying to act as though it were

all right enough. "Grizzy can't do anything with them. They 're too much for her."

"Who is Grizzy?"

"Why, Mrs. Griswold, the housekeeper."

Mrs. Griswold entered the room at that moment with a plate of steaming-hot fritters. She frowned the moment she saw the fate of her pretty jelly-cakes, and she said crossly:—

"Now, boys, you might have behaved yourselves just for this one night." Then, turning to Leonora, she said, "Miss Leonora, we are glad to see you at home again. I hope —"

Mrs. Griswold did not finish the sentence. Turning to Natie, who had the sugar-bowl in his lap, comfortably eating from it, she exclaimed:—

"Natie, what are you doing? Give me the sugar-bowl instantly."

The roguish little Natie only laughed, and flung a handful of sugar at her. This was more than she could bear. She shook the little fellow and boxed his ear quite smartly, whereupon he set up such a crying that everything was in confusion. Meanwhile Nelson and Harold, with the plate between them, were rapidly devouring the fritters. Mrs. Griswold left the room.

"I don't love her a bit," exclaimed Natie.

"Never mind," said little Bertha, "she's going off as soon as father can get another housekeeper."

Nelson laughed.

"My!" said he, "has n't she been cross, though, since we told her we were glad of it? We may do better and we can't do worse, and that's what I told her."

Leonora was in despair. She could hardly believe they were her brothers and sisters. She took Natie in her lap, and kissed his tearful eyes.

"Isn't she naughty and bad?" he exclaimed. "Don't you hate her?"

"Think now; was n't Natie naughty? just a very little bit?"

"Well, I'm not her boy. She need n't slap me."

"Whose boy are you?" asked Nonie.

"I'm nobody's boy partic'lar. I'm just my own boy; only when papa's here, then I'm his boy."

"Can mamma see us? Can she hear and see all this?" asked Nonie in her own heart. "Oh, I hope not. I know she can't be happy if she does." Nonie's heart gave a great throb. Natic started up and turned his baby face up to hers. She kissed it, and he said brightly:—

"I'll tell you. I'm your boy. That's whose boy I am."

Without knowing it Leonora pressed the chubby little fellow close to her.

"You must be a good boy if you are sister Nonie's boy," she said gently.

She placed him in his chair and sat down between him and little Bertha. Nelson and Harold had finished their supper and gone off. Natic proceeded to eat his with great composure, entertaining Nonie with the most amusing fancies and quaint ideas.

"Nelson's got some new geese," said he, "and I'm going to teach them to lay their eggs in the night-time. Clatty says that's the right way. They go sailing on the pond and don't sink down a bit. Can you do that? I know I can. I'm going to some day — me and Clatty."

"Who is Clatty?" asked Nonie.

"She's just a fancy of his," explained Mamie. "He is always telling what she says and does. He is *such* a funny boy, but he fights all the time with Grizzy."

"I don't fight," said Natie, angrily; "it's Grizzy that fights."

"Don't speak so, Mamie, please don't!" said Leonora, pleadingly; and she sighed heavily.

Leonora took Bertha and Natie to her room with her. They were very bright and interesting, but their manners seemed much neglected. Her heart went out to them with a great love and longing. It was not a little-girl love at all; it was a big-sister love, — almost like a mother love. It seemed to Nonie that she had changed suddenly. She felt "grown up." In the midst of their chatting, Mamie rushed into the room and flung herself angrily into a chair. She had a pretty woollen dress in her hand.

"Mean old thing," she exclaimed, "she knows it's the only dress that's fit for me to wear to Josie Field's to-night, and it only wants a little bit of mending!"

Leonora almost groaned.

"Oh, Mamie, don't talk so!" she said; "let me see the dress. Why, it's nothing; I'll mend it for you."

"You? Oh, you darling! It's so lovely to have you at home. You are just like mother!"

Just like mother! Leonora's cheeks tingled.

"Well," she resolved in her heart, "they shall never know how selfish and silly I was. I did n't know myself till now."

Mamie took a long time dressing, a good deal of which she spent before the glass.

"Vain little thing!" murmured Nonie. "She needs mother, too. We all need mother."

How still it was after Mamie went! It almost seemed that she could feel her mother's spirit hovering sad and unhappy near her as she went through the house. That night, with little Bertha and Natie curled close beside her, Leonora cried herself to sleep.

The next day was Sunday. It was "Children's Sunday." Every two months the minister preached a children's sermon. It was a nice plan. Everybody liked it, even the "grown-up" people. Leonora was old enough to understand a "regular" sermon, but she liked the children's sermon much better. The minister read the selection from Scripture which begins, "I am the Light of the World." The text was, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." It was a very simple sermon, easy to understand. It was about first letting Jesus' light into our hearts to fill them full of brightness, in order that we may carry sunshine everywhere we go. Leonora's heart kept getting fuller and fuller. She realized for the first time how all the brightness and sunshine in their home had come from mother.

"Oh, mother! mother!" moaned her heart, "we never knew how your light shone till you were gone from us."

After the sermon the children's voices rose sweet and clear in those simple words,—

"God make my life a little light
Within this world to glow:
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go."

"God make my life," repeated Nonie; "mine! Oh, I wish I could be the light in our home! But I can't, I'm too foolish and selfish, and I can't think enough."

Again and again she repeated it: "God make my life a little light;" and then she thought, oh, so earnestly:—

"I must do it. If I don't, there's no one else in the whole world who will, now mother is gone."

The big tears were in her eyes; she could not stay them. Her girlish

heart was flooded with light, where it had been so dark before. She slipped her hand into her father's. He understood; he gave it a little squeeze and kept it there.

Eager little Leonora could hardly wait till she got home and got her father into the parlor away from the chattering children. Then she just put herself into his arms.

"Oh, father! father!" she sobbed; "it's awful without mother, is n't it? But we can do it best, father, you and I. Let Mrs. Griswold go away—right off, now. We can do it. They don't know what a silly, selfish little thing I am, and they never shall know if I can help it. Oh, father, I'll try so hard to be like mamma!"

Tears were in her father's eyes, big strong man though he was. He had not known so happy a moment since the children's mother died. He held Nonie off, and looked lovingly into her earnest girlish face.

"You have grown wonderfully like her," he said, kissing her fondly.

"That's only in looks," said Nonie, "but I'll try and be like her;" and a whole flood of sunshine beamed through her tears.

And they did it, she and her father. It was n't easy; of course not. It is n't easy for mothers. But they did it. They got things running smoothly and in order. They got a woman to help, — not a housekeeper.

Kate, the kitchen girl, stood by "Miss Leonora" royally when she heard the plan; so did the new girl; so did father. They all stood by one another. The younger children hugged and kissed Leonora till she declared she should surely come to pieces.

"And you imagine you'll be able to manage those boys?" asked Mrs. Griswold, curtly, on going away.

Nonie blushed, for "those boys" were listening for her answer.

"Oh," she said modestly, "I'll manage the housekeeping and things, and the boys and I will manage each other."

"Oh, the new housekeeper will get on all right with us," spoke up Harold, pertly.

"It will be all very fine at first, of course," was the dubious reply, "but after a while—" and Mrs. Griswold shook her head solemnly as she went away.

It was all fine at the first; and it grew better and better every day. "Little Housekeeper" they called her in their affectionate moments; in their very sweetest, tenderest moods she was "Little Mother."

Every night before she slept, every morning when she awoke, and many, many times through the day, Leonora's young heart sent up its one prayer, "God make my life a little light."

And Leonora's life became not a little light, but a very, very big and beautiful one in her motherless home.

